

MARCH

# TARGET COMICS

10¢

64 Pages All In  
Full Color

Featuring:

**WHITE STREAK**

**BULL'S-EYE BILL**

**LUCKY BYRD**

**CITY EDITOR**

**T-MAN**

**2-R**

And Five Others

Manowar's knife-like electrons cut the deadly bomb in two!

Vol. 1—No. 2



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# Free Prizes



## Target Comics

... wants you for a regular reader—so we are going to do something for you that no other comic magazine has done before. We are going to give you Free Prizes just for reading TARGET COMICS.

On this page are six of the prizes you can get absolutely free. For a complete list of Prizes just send a letter or penny postal card to TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, New York City, and say: "Please send me your TARGET COMICS Prize List." Do this today!

## Here's how you get your prizes

In each issue of TARGET COMICS there will appear a coupon similar to the one on this page. Clip these coupons and save them. The Prize List will tell you how many of these coupons you will need for each prize.

## Target Comics coupon

Save the coupon on this page and get valuable prizes. Coupons will appear in each issue of TARGET COMICS. The next issue of TARGET COMICS will be on sale February 28—the last Wednesday in the month.

Save this coupon—DO NOT MAIL THE COUPON WHEN YOU SEND FOR YOUR PRIZE LIST.

This offer is void in any state or municipality where the redemption of coupons is prohibited, taxed, or restricted.

Win prizes by reading every issue of TARGET COMICS.

### TARGET COMICS PRIZE COUPON

This coupon, clipped from TARGET COMICS, will be redeemed according to the terms of the TARGET COMICS Prize List. Write for your Prize List to TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, N. Y. C.

NAME ..... AGE .....  
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

ADDRESS .....

CITY or TOWN ..... STATE .....

FOR  
YOU



Write For Your Prize List To  
**TARGET COMICS**  
525 West 52nd Street New York, N. Y.



# MANOWAR, The White Streak

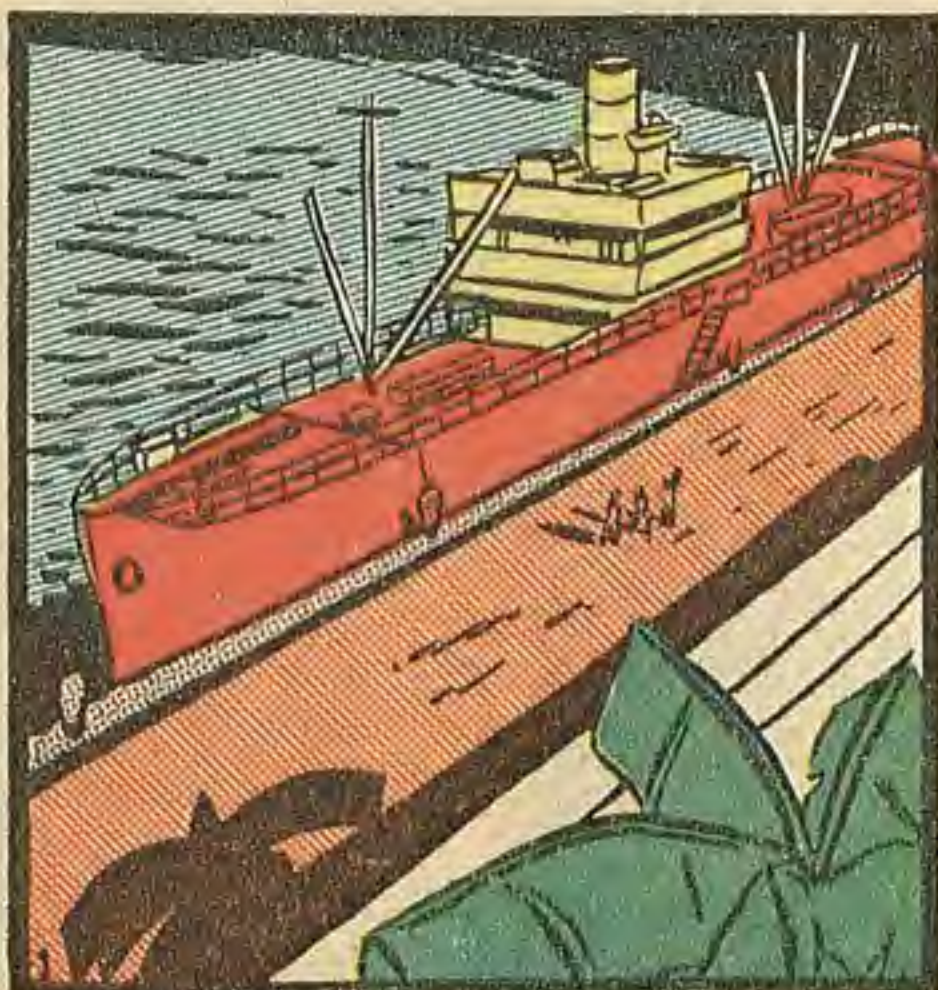


DURING THE GREAT WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA, A HILL ROSE FROM A DEAD VOLCANO. DR. SIMMS INVESTIGATING THE PHENOMENON FINDS A CAVE AND MANOWAR, THE WHITE STREAK. AFTER CONVINCING SIMMS THAT HE MANOWAR IS THE LAST OF THE SERVANTS DEDICATED TO PRESERVE PEACE AND BREAKER OF WAR MONGERS, HE DEPARTS TO METE OUT JUSTICE TO THE DICTATOR DON RUIZEN WHO SENT INNOCENT MEN TO WAR BECAUSE HE WANTED MERE OIL WELLS... AND NOW INSIDE MANOWAR'S CAVE...

NOW THAT YOU'RE FREE, MANOWAR, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES? GOOD! IT MIGHT PROVE TO BE MOST INTERESTING SIMMS!



DAYS LATER, MANOWAR AND SIMMS REACH A SMALL TOWN AND BOOK PASSAGE ON A TRAMP STEAMER. . . . .



WE'VE ONLY TWO MORE DAYS TRAVEL, MANOWAR! I HOPE SO, BUT- YOU'LL LIKE THE UNITED STATES!



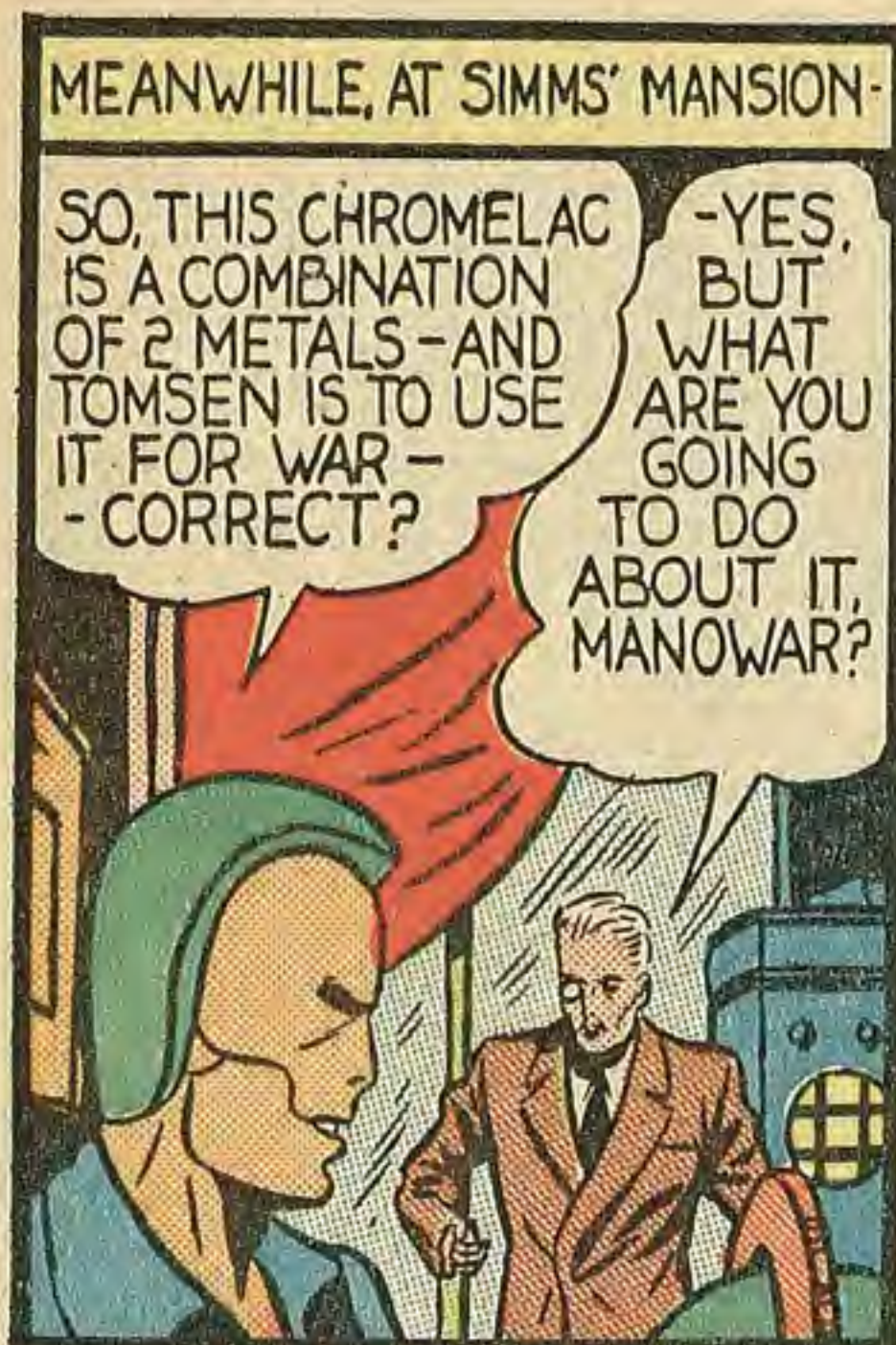
IN ANY GREAT CIVILIZATION, WE'RE APT TO FIND THOSE WHO THRU LEGAL METHODS SEND LEGIONS OF YOUTHS TO A MUDDY GRAVE! I FEEL THERES TROUBLE AHEAD. NON-SENSE THE WORLD IS AT PEACE!





















AW-DON'T BE SCARED  
OF DAT PANTY-WAIST!  
I'LL FIX HIM!



I HAVE NO DESIRE  
TO PUT YOU AWAY,  
BUT, SINCE YOU  
INSIST-



MANOWAR'S FIST CRASHES  
INTO THE THUG'S JAW..



WHILE GUARDS SMASH THRU  
THE DOORS AND START  
BLAZING AWAY WITH THEIR  
GUNS.



MANOWAR LAUGHS, SNAPS  
HIS EYES AND ELECTRONS  
FORCE THE GUNS TO LEAP  
FROM THE GUARD'S HANDS



OH-H-H



SUDDENLY TOMSEN SLUMPS  
TO THE FLOOR. . . .

H-MM-NO  
BULLET MARKS!  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN HIS  
HEART!  
HE'S DEAD!

YEAH?  
WHERE'S  
THAT GUY  
WITH THE  
EYES? HE'S  
GONE-BOB,  
LOOK!



TOMSEN WAS A  
WARMONGER  
HIS DEBT IS PAID  
IN FULL!



THE GUARDS WHIRL AND  
SEE A BLAZING ELECTRO-  
NIC MESSAGE. . . .

H-MM-TOMSEN  
DIED OF HEART  
FAILURE I  
WONDER WHAT  
WILL BECOME  
OF THE  
CHROMELAC!

IT WILL BE  
USED FOR  
BRIDGES,  
HOUSES  
AND OTHER  
MORE IMPORT-  
ANT THINGS  
THAN WAR!!



NEXT MONTH ANOTHER  
COMPLETE  
WHITE STREAK  
PICTURE ACTION  
STORY



# Bull's-Eye

## BILL

OF THE TARGET RANGE - ARIZONA

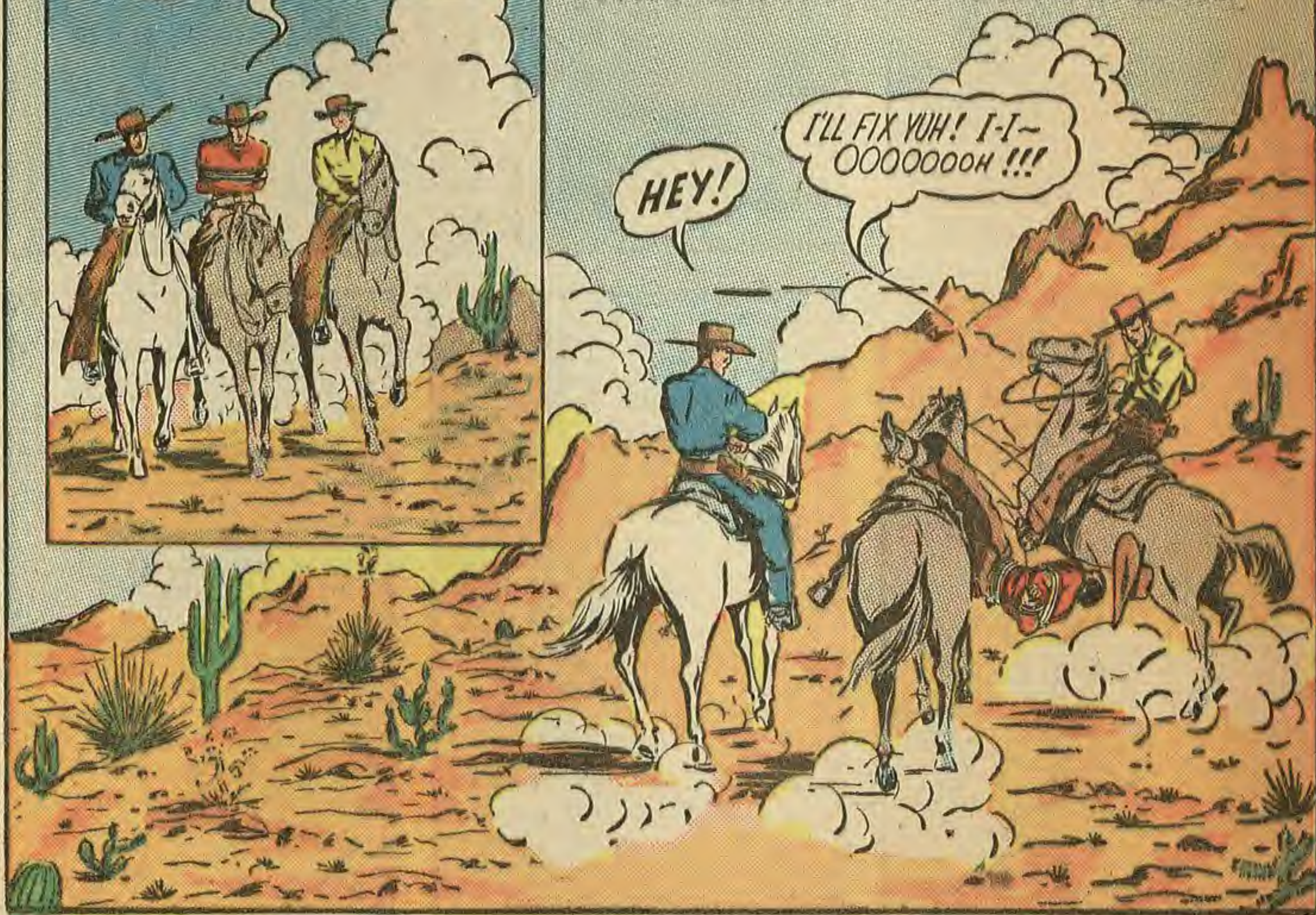
By  
Everett  
Blake

YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY SMART, BULL'S-EYE,  
BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

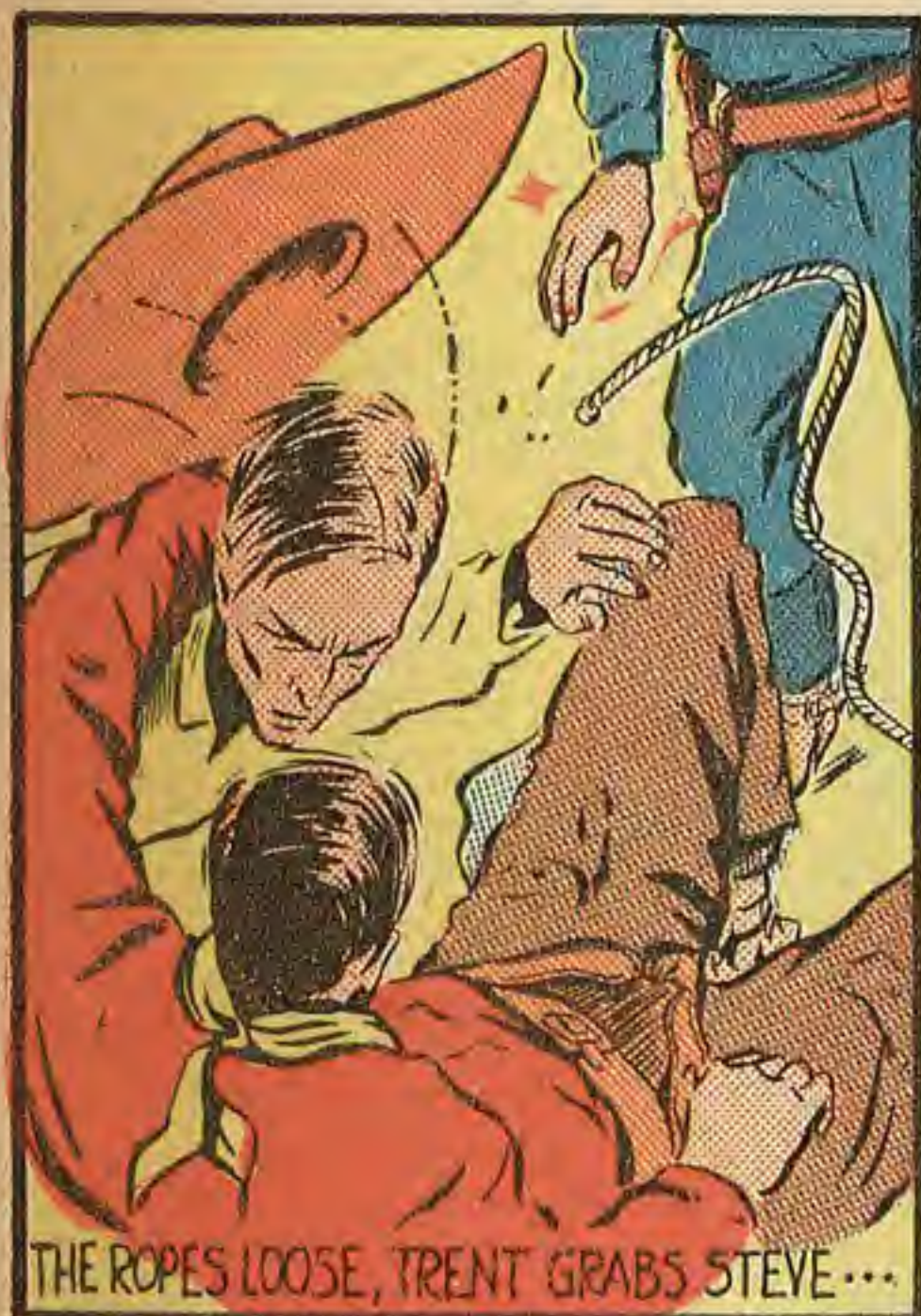
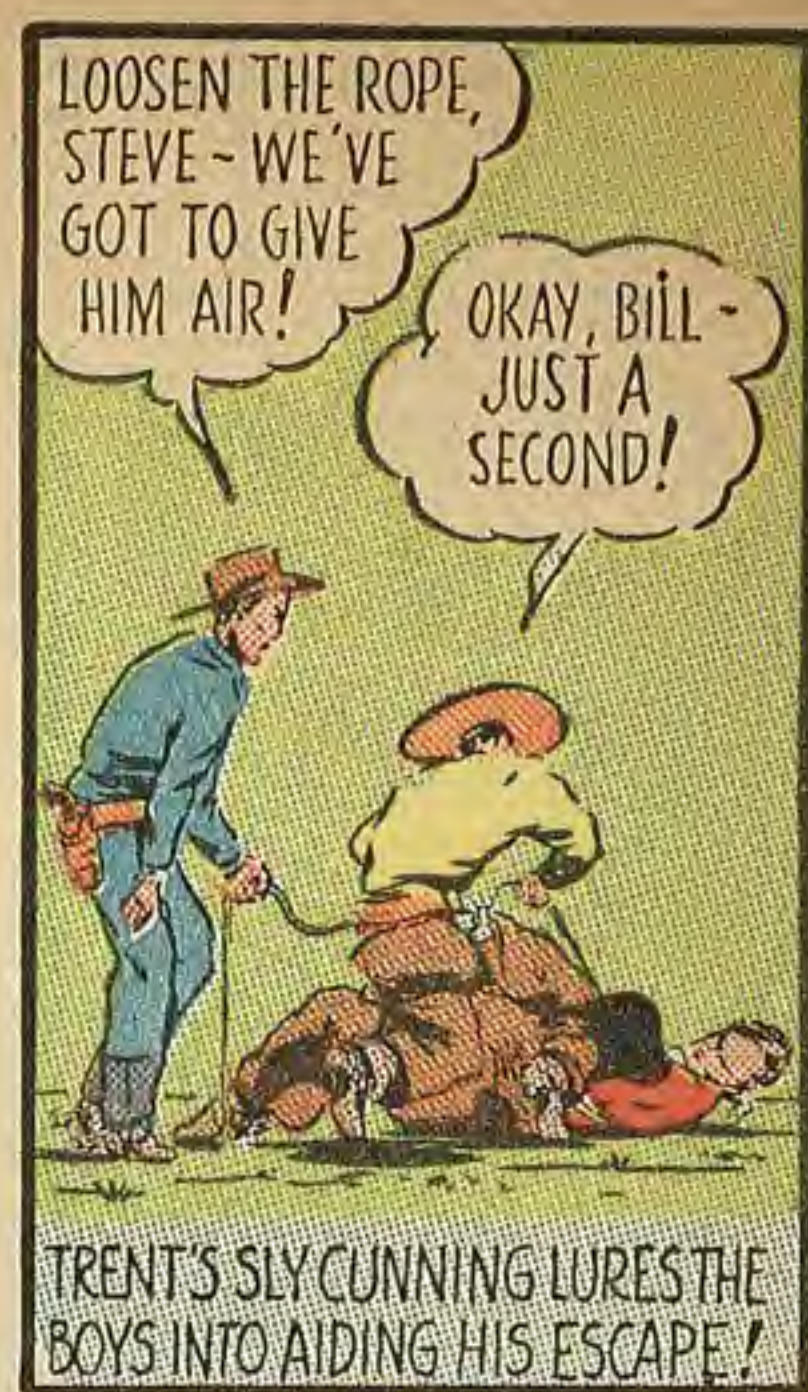
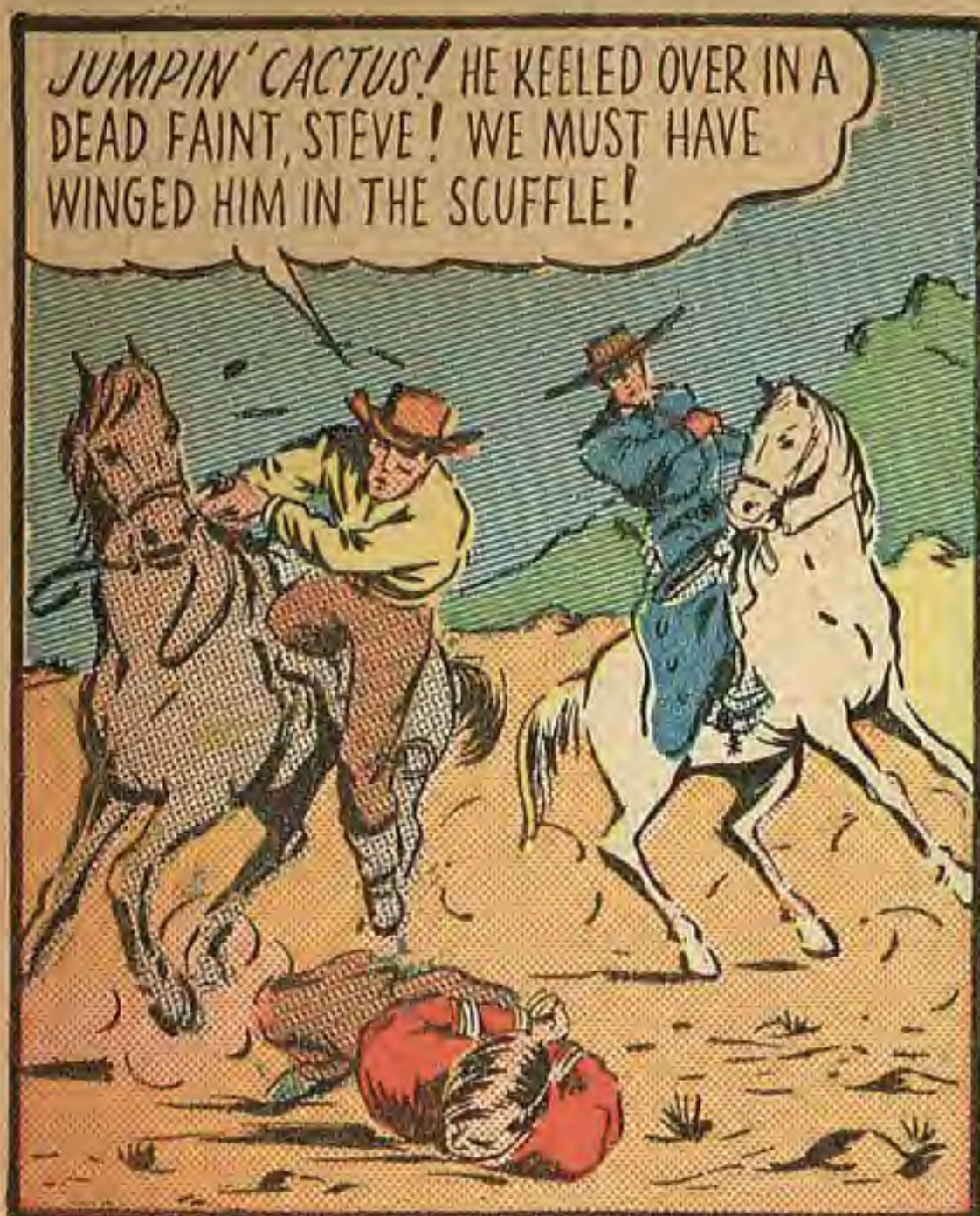
**BULL'S-EYE BILL TARGET**, OWNER OF THE **TARGET RANCH** AND **RANGE**, IN WENTON COUNTY, ARIZONA, WITH HIS PAL, **STEVE CASEY**, AN UNRULY AND MISCHIEVOUS COWBOY-PROSPECTOR, HAS JUST CAPTURED **TRAVIS TRENT**, RANGE-PIRATE, CLAIM-JUMPER, AND ALL-AROUND VILLAIN - TRAVIS IS IN LOVE WITH **DEE PARSONS**, A RANCHMAN'S DAUGHTER, WHO, A FEW HOURS AGO, CAPTURED HIM IN BULL'S-EYE'S CABIN - SOMEHOW, AFTER DEE HAD RIDDEN INTO THE HILLS LOOKING FOR BULL'S-EYE, LEAVING TRAVIS IN THE HANDS OF **QUING**, BULL'S-EYE'S CHINESE COOK, THE VILLAIN ESCAPED, AND IT WAS ONLY BY CHANCE THAT BULL'S-EYE AND STEVE ENCOUNTERED AND SEIZED HIM -

HEY!

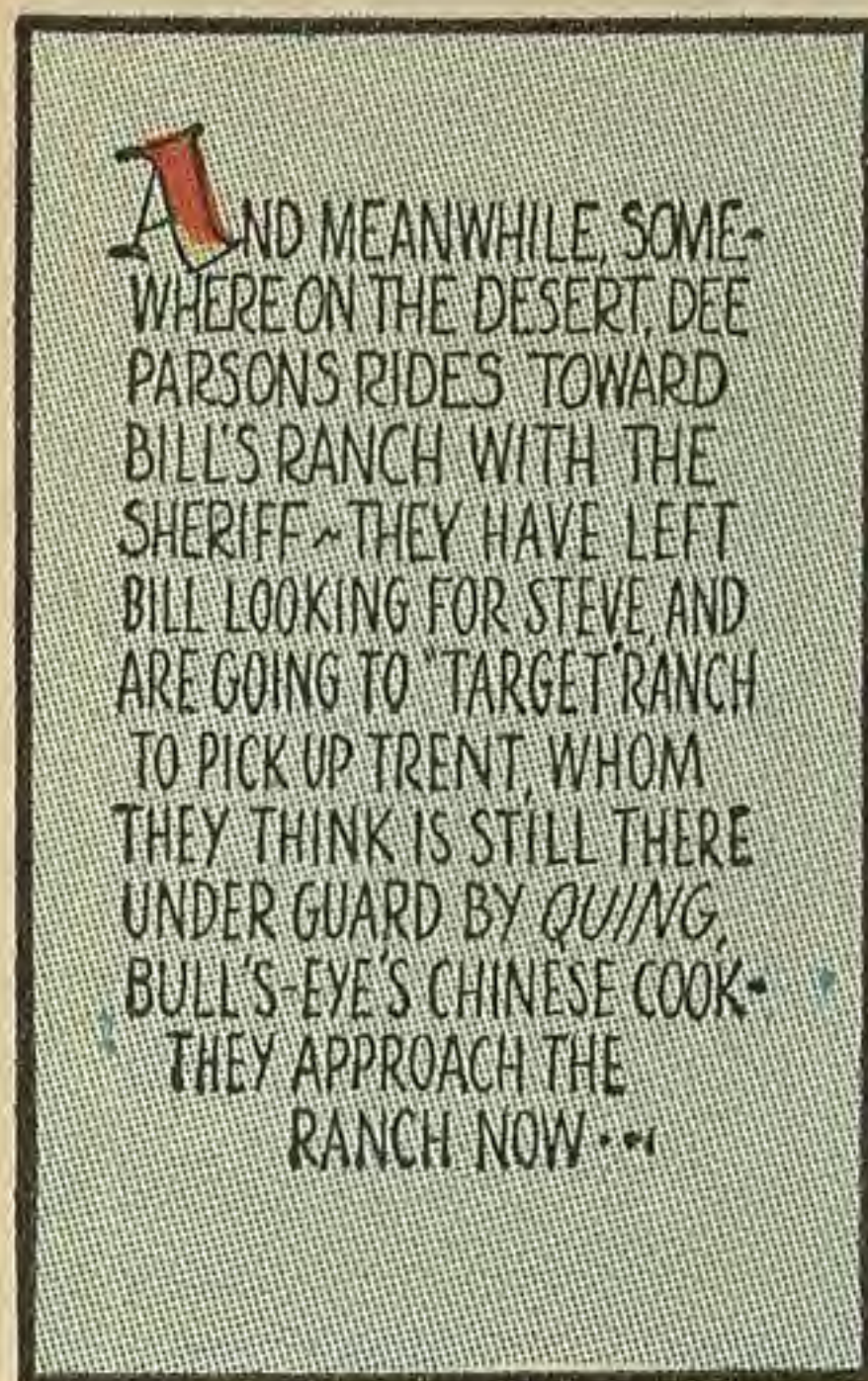
I'LL FIX YUH! I-I-  
OOOOOOOH !!!















QUING! QUING!  
WHAT'S HAPPENED,  
BOY?

THIS IS MORE OF  
TRENT'S DIRTY  
WORK, SHERIFF



OH-HEAD HURT!  
MIST' TRENT-HE SLAM ME-  
WOOGY! CATCHUM QUING'S  
GUN-QUING FIGHT-HIM  
SHOOTUM-UP ME  
IN HEAD-HIM  
GO! OOOOH!



LOOKS LIKE HE'LL HAVE TO HAVE A  
DOCTOR, DEE~ YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE  
NOW, UNTIL BILL AND STEVE COME-I'LL  
RIDE INTO WENTON AND FETCH DOC  
LARSON~YOU TAKE  
CARE OF QUING~

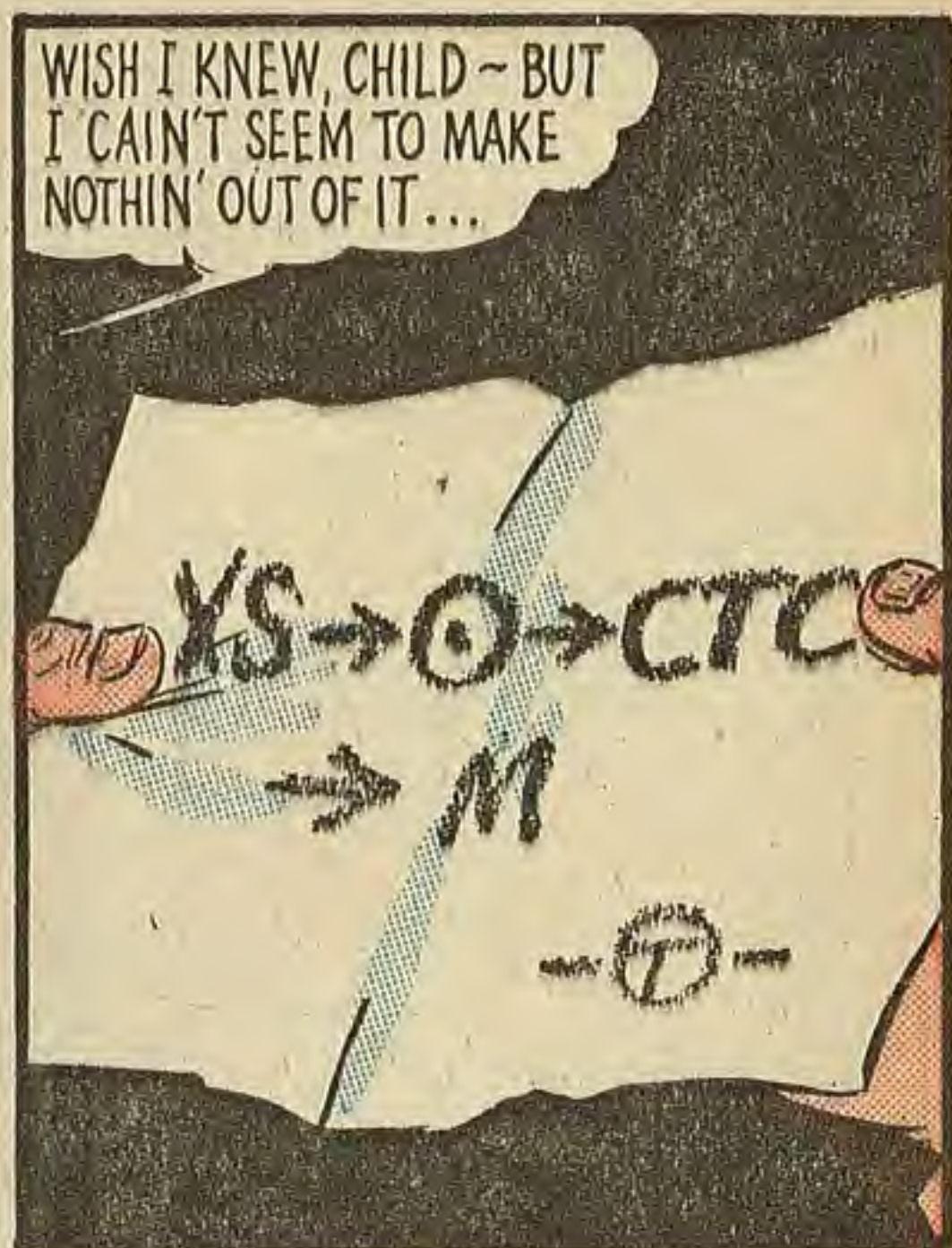


HULLO! WHAT'S THIS?  
A CRUMPLED PIECE OF  
PAPER IN THE DOORWAY-  
DEE-COME HERE!



SOME SORT OF  
CODE~LOOKS  
LIKE

TRENT MUST HAVE  
DROPPED IT WHEN HE  
FOUGHT WITH QUING~  
WHAT DOES IT SAY  
SHERIFF?



WISH I KNEW, CHILD~ BUT  
I CAIN'T SEEM TO MAKE  
NOTHIN' OUT OF IT...



I'LL TRY TO FIGGER IT OUT ON THE WAY TO  
TOWN~YOU'D BETTER GIT QUING INTO  
BED AFORE HE BLEEDS TOO MUCH~  
SO LONG, GAL!



HOLY SMOKES! HE'S FAINTED  
AGAIN!~ I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO  
LIFT HIM ONTO THE DIVAN!



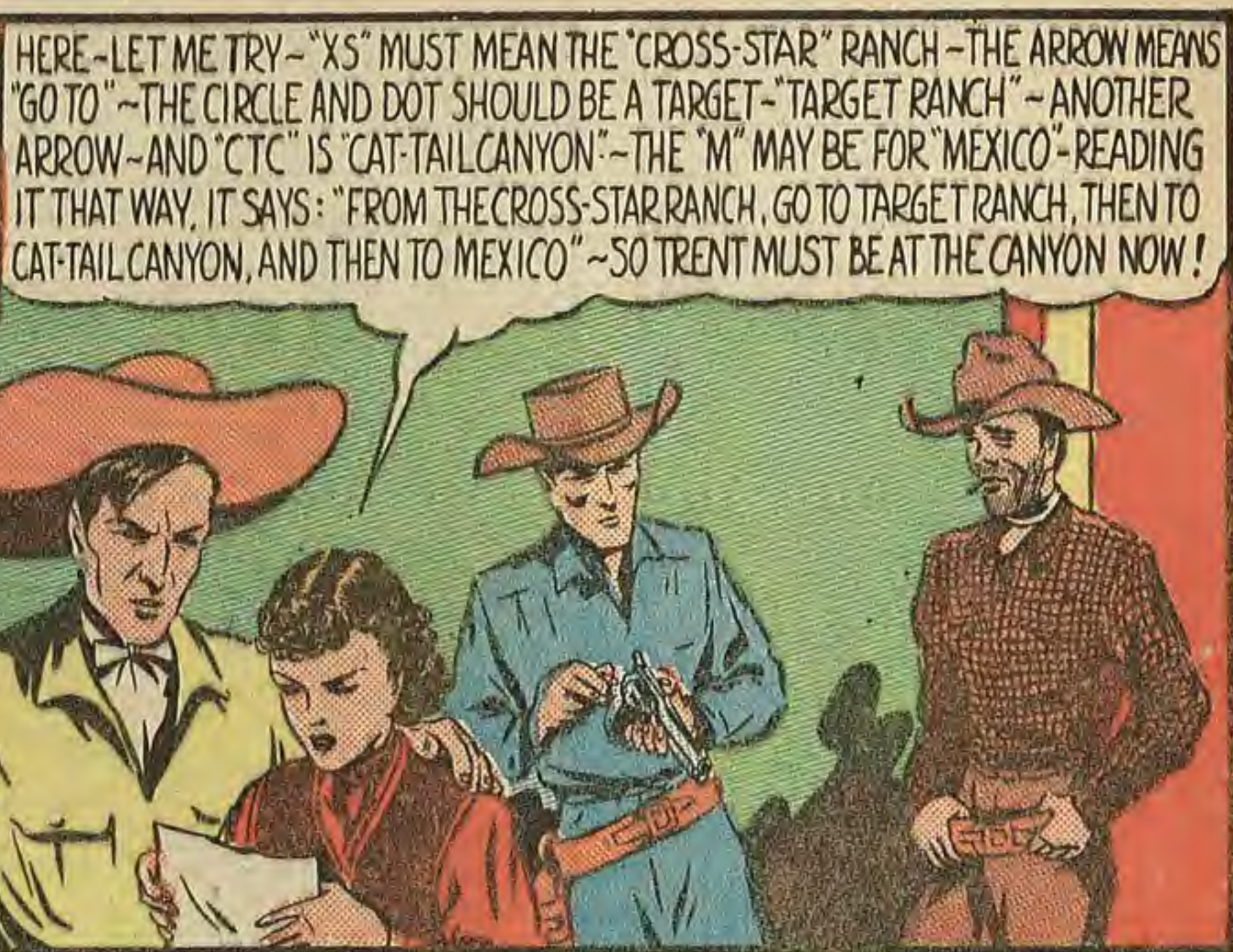
BUENOS DIAS, SEÑORITA!  
YOU LIKE SOME HELP, SI?  
MANUEL, HE COME FOR GIVE  
YOU ASSIST~ SI?

OH!



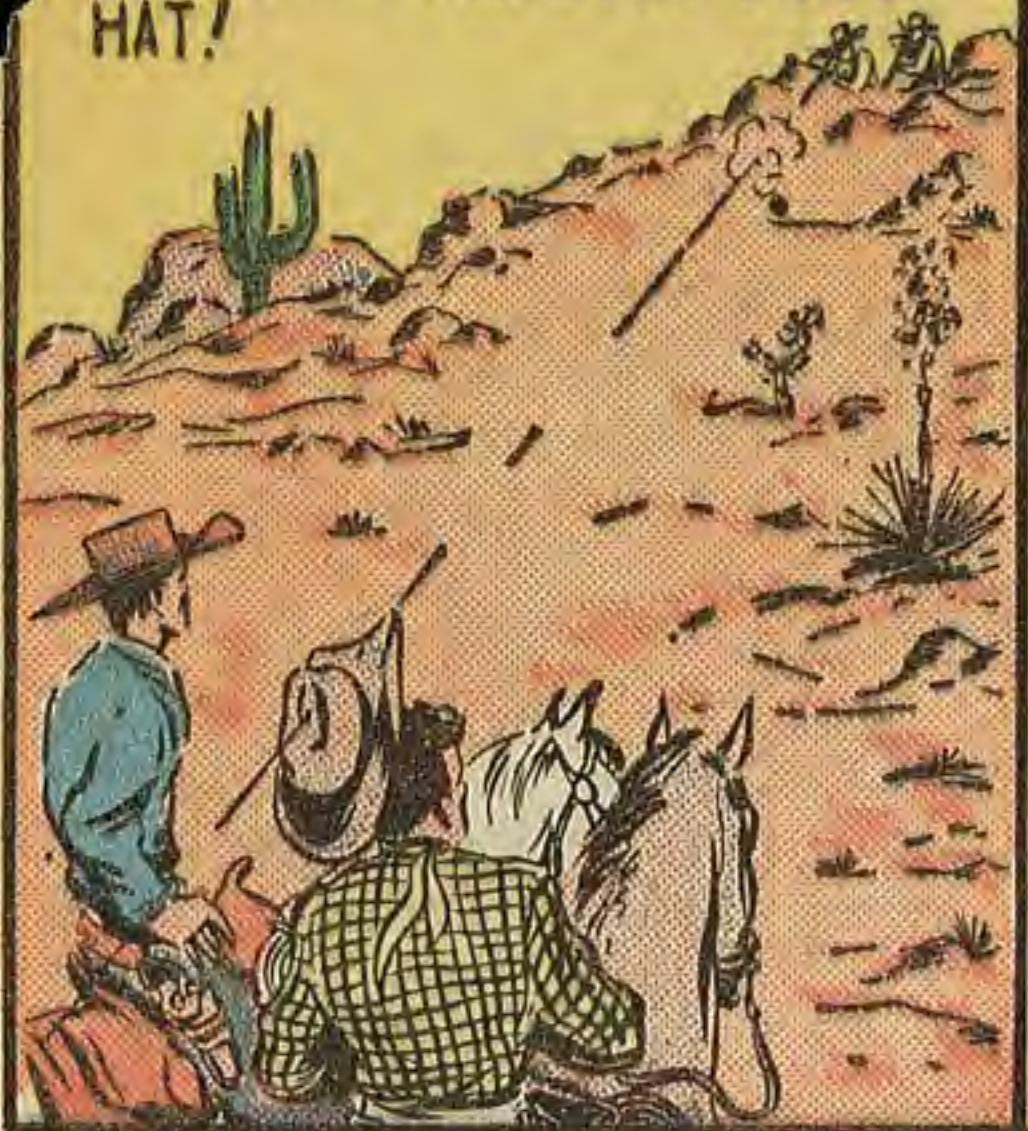




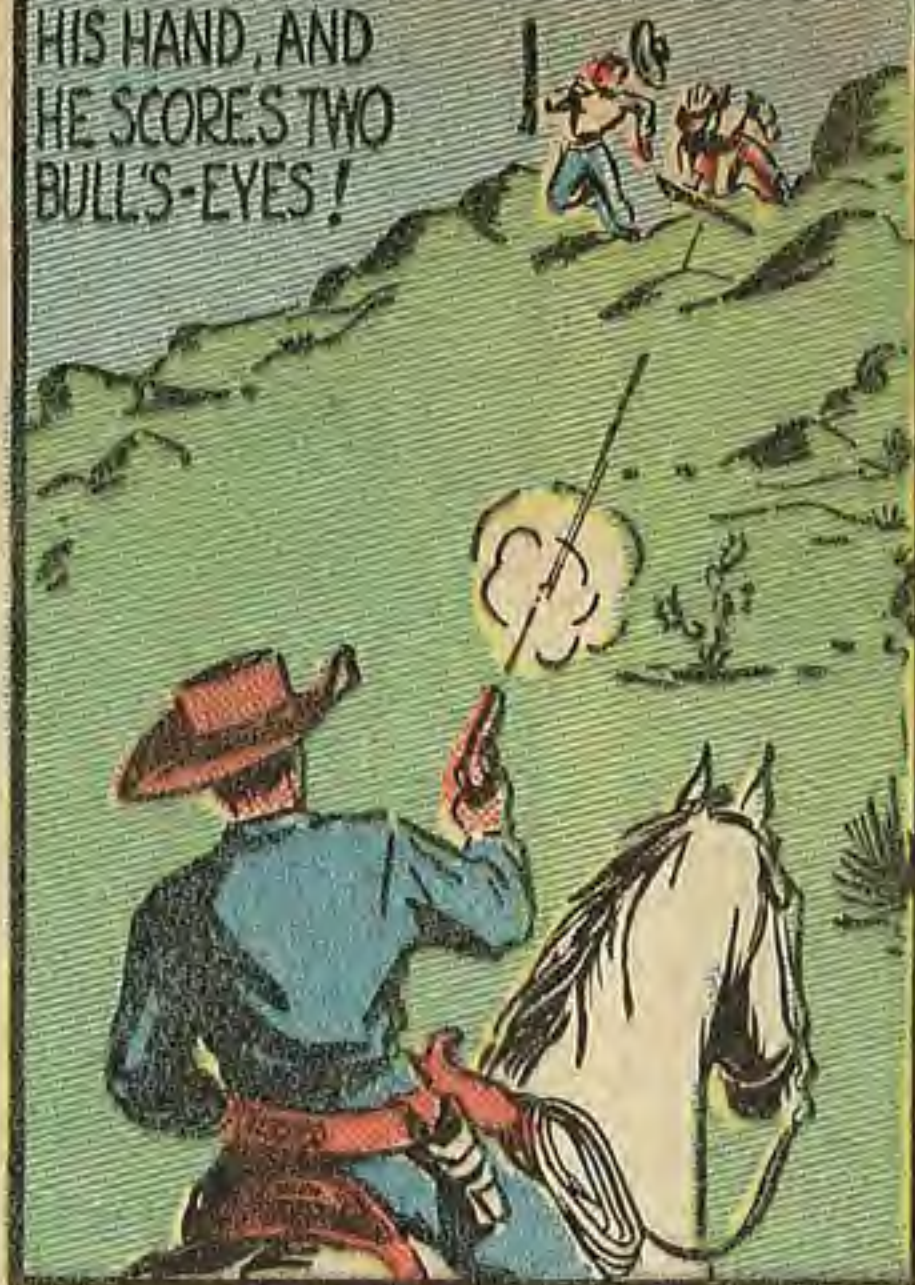




BEFORE THE MEN CAN CONTINUE, THREE SHOTS RING OUT FROM THE LOOKOUT - A BULLET WHIPS THROUGH DICK'S HAT!



IN A FLASH, BILL'S SIX-SHOOTER IS IN HIS HAND, AND HE SCORES TWO BULL'S-EYES!



THE LOOKOUT MEN OUT OF THE WAY, BILL AND DICK THUNDER UP OVER THE HILL, AND DOWN INTO TRENT'S CAMP!

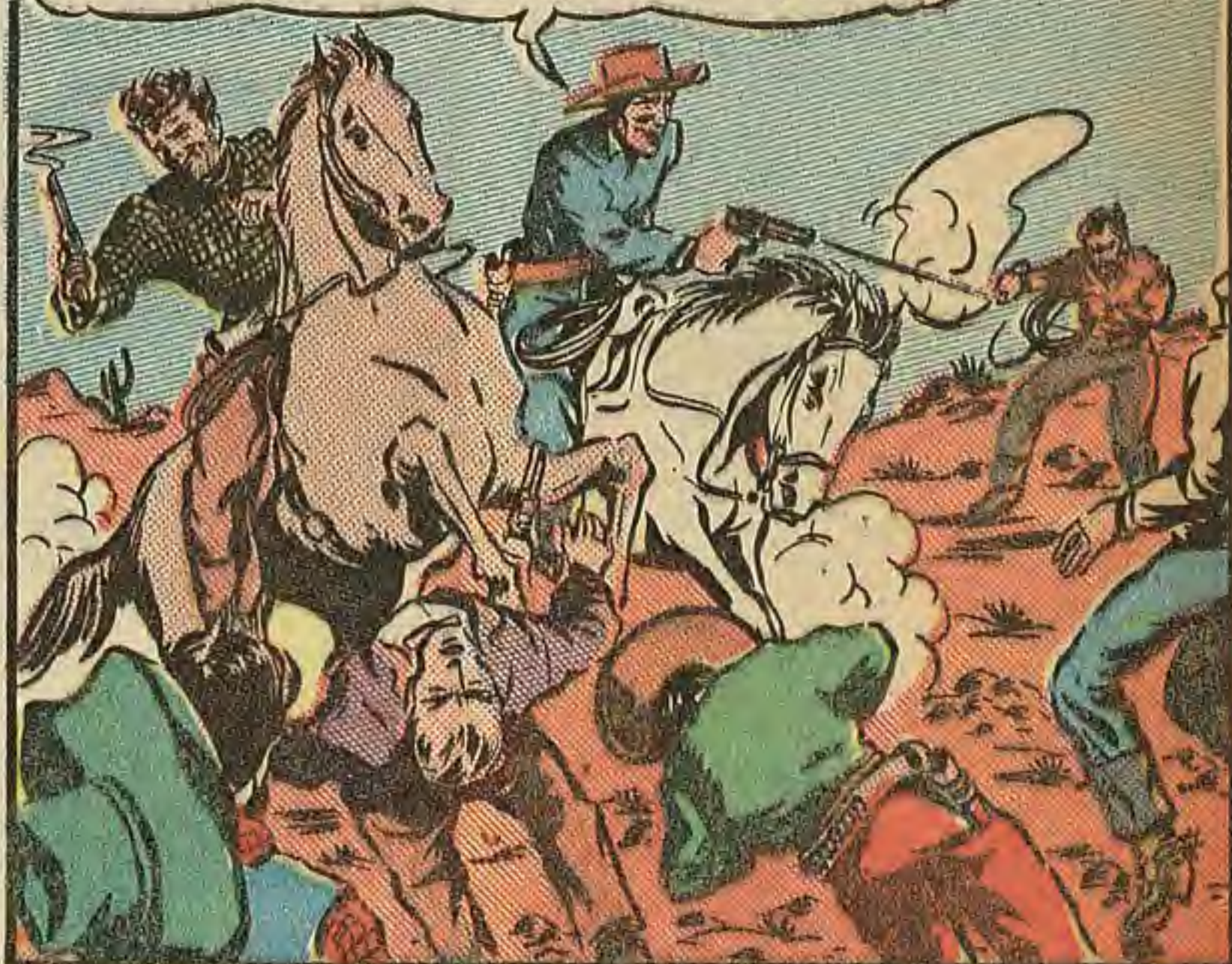


TRENT RECOGNISES BILL - HE SHOUTS THE ALARM!



HOLY SMOKE! IT'S BULL'S-EYE! GIT READY MEN, WE'LL SHOW THOSE GUYS!

(AFTER 'EM DICK! LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOY!)



SUDDENLY A ROPE WHIPS OUT, AND SNAKES BILL FROM HIS SADDLE!



BILL CRASHES TO THE GROUND WITH A TERRIFIC THUD!



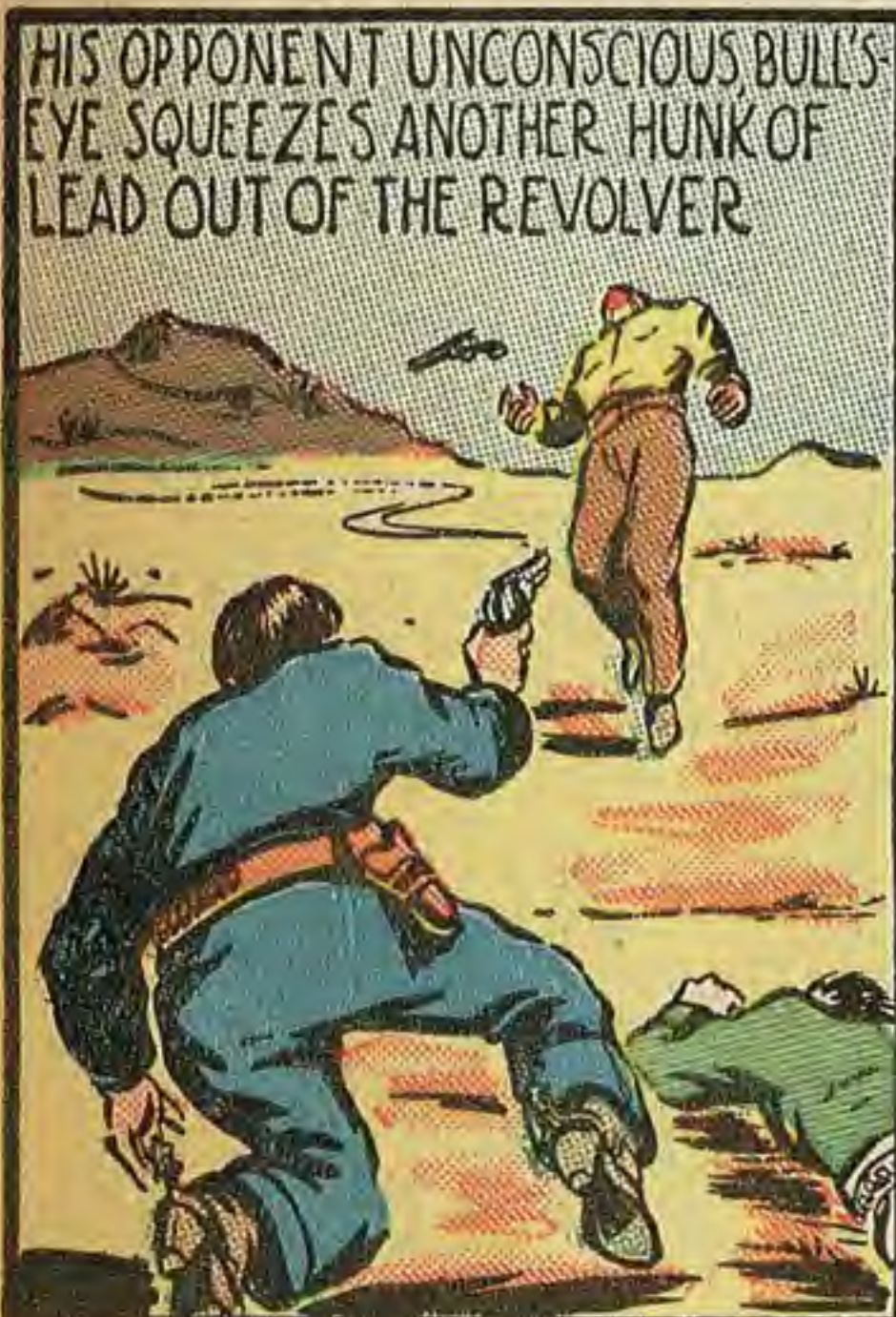
BUT IS UP IN A FLASH, AND SNAPS A SHOT AT HIS CAPTOR - ANOTHER BULL'S-EYE!



NO SOONER DOES HIS COLT RECOIL THAN ONE OF TRENT'S MEN IS UPON HIM!



HIS OPPONENT UNCONSCIOUS BULL'S EYE SQUEEZES ANOTHER HUNK OF LEAD OUT OF THE REVOLVER



HEY DICK! GET TRENT! HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!



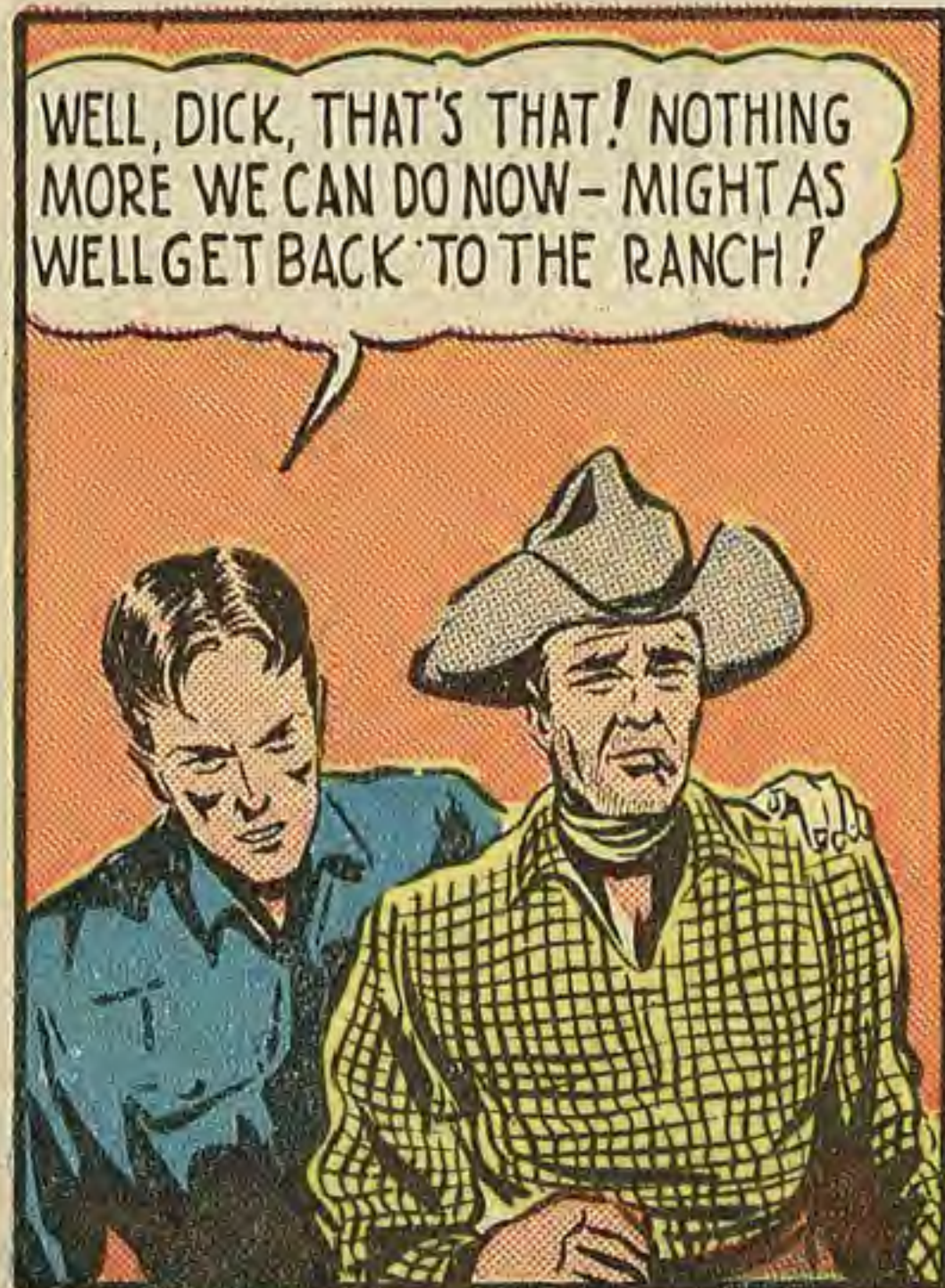
YOU'RE NOT SO SMART, BILL TARGET! I'LL SEE YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!



THEIR OPPONENTS BEATEN, BUT WITH EMPTY GUNS, THEY WATCH HELPLESSLY TRENT ESCAPING TO THE HILLS



WELL, DICK, THAT'S THAT! NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO NOW - MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO THE RANCH!



NEXT MONTH BULL'S-EYE WILL CONTINUE HIS SEARCH FOR TRENT - BUT WATCH FOR A NEW DEVELOPMENT -

INTRODUCING.....

?

Don't forget - next month in **TARGET COMICS!**





**L**UCKY BYRD IS A FLYING CADET AT RANDOLPH FIELD, TEXAS,....OUR "WEST POINT OF THE AIR".....**H**E, AND HIS CLASS-MATES, WILL BECOME 2ND LIEUTENANTS IN THE AIR-CORPS RESERVE, AND PLACED ON ACTIVE SERVICE,.....IF....AND WHEN,....THEY COMPLETE THE COURSE.....**L**ORIS ADAMS, THE COMMANDANT'S DAUGHTER, INTERESTS LUCKY.....

BY  
HARRY FRANCIS CAMPBELL

### GLOSSARY OF CADET SLANG.

MISTER.....ALL CADETS ARE MISTER	HEDGE-HOP.....TO FLY TOO LOW
DODO.....AN UNDERCLASSMAN	BACKWASH.....PROPELLER BLAST
BENZINE BOARD.....A TRIAL BOARD	

CONGRATULATIONS, MISTER BYRD!....IT MUST BE GRAND NOT TO BE A DODO ANYMORE!....OH!..AND HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS?

WHAT NEWS,.... MISS,....ER.... ER..LORIS?

"RECOGNITION DAY"....WHEN THE DODOS BECOME UPPER CLASSMEN

I'M SO **THRILLED!**....RAMON REMOSA IS GOING TO MAKE A PICTURE HERE AT RANDOLPH! I MET HIM AT PALM SPRINGS, AND HE'S **DIVINE!**

THAT MOVIE HAM?

OH, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS! YOU MEN ARE ALL ALIKE!

IT'S NOT THAT,....REMOSA IS A BUM!

HERE COME THE MOVIE TRUCKS, LUCKY!

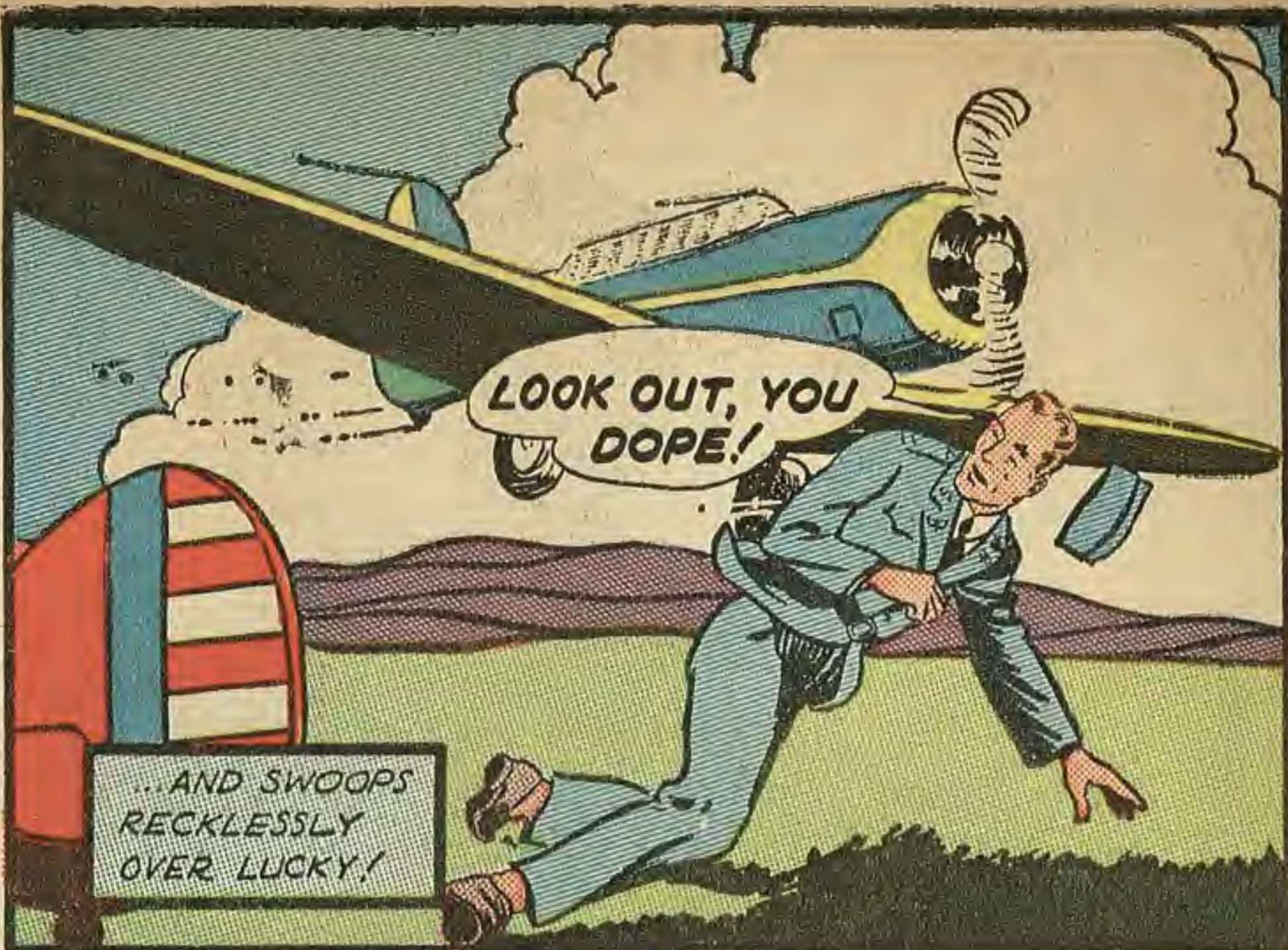
**YEAH?**

....AND EARLY THE NEXT DAY.....





A STRANGE PLANE ARRIVES.....



LUCKY DROPS TO THE GROUND



AS THE PLANE ROLLS TO A STOP, LUCKY DASHES OVER, ... FURIOUS!



AND AS LUCKY STRIDES AWAY!





LUCKY IS RIGHT!  
BYRD'S GRABBED HIMSELF  
A CHUTE!

THAT NIGHT, AS PRACTICE LANDINGS  
WITH PARACHUTE FLARES BEGINS,  
THERE IS THE USUAL SCRAMBLE BY  
CADETS FOR THE SILK PARACHUTES.



LUCKY!.....OH, I'VE  
ALWAYS WANTED A  
SOUVENIR 'CHUTE!

YOU HAVE  
ONE NOW, LORIS,  
... HERE!

ON HIS WAY BACK TO QUARTERS



OH THANKS! LOOK,  
I CAN FIT IT INTO  
MY HAND BAG!



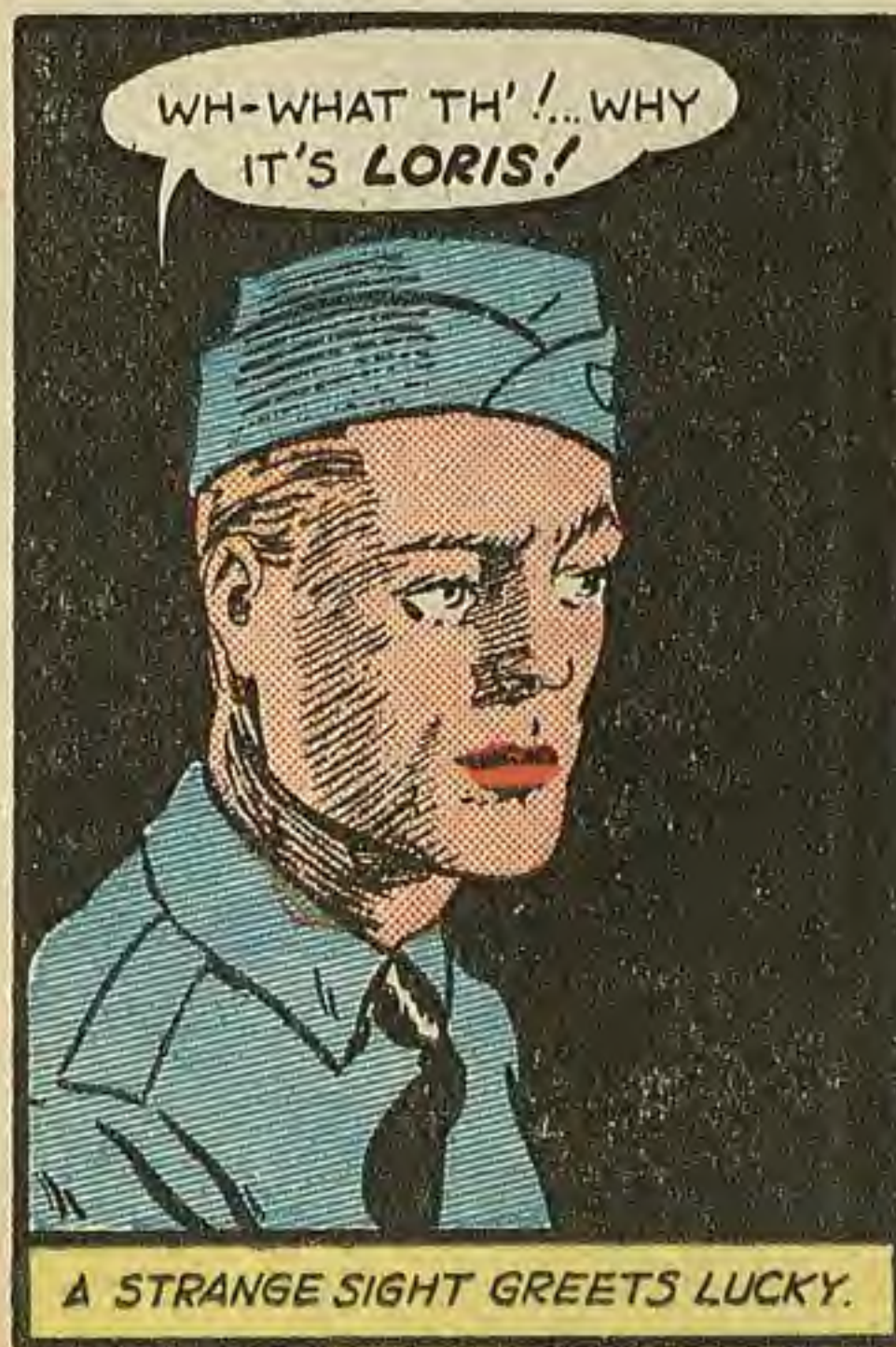
YOU'D BETTER DASH  
BACK TO QUARTERS BEFORE  
DAD CATCHES YOU OUT!  
G'NIGHT!

GOOD NIGHT,  
LORIS!



I'LL MAKE A TRY FOR  
ANOTHER FLARE 'CHUTE  
FOR LORIS

THE VERY NEXT NIGHT



WH-WHAT TH'!...WHY  
IT'S LORIS!

A STRANGE SIGHT GREET'S LUCKY.



NO!...NO!...I  
TELL YOU, I WONT  
GO UP WITH YOU!

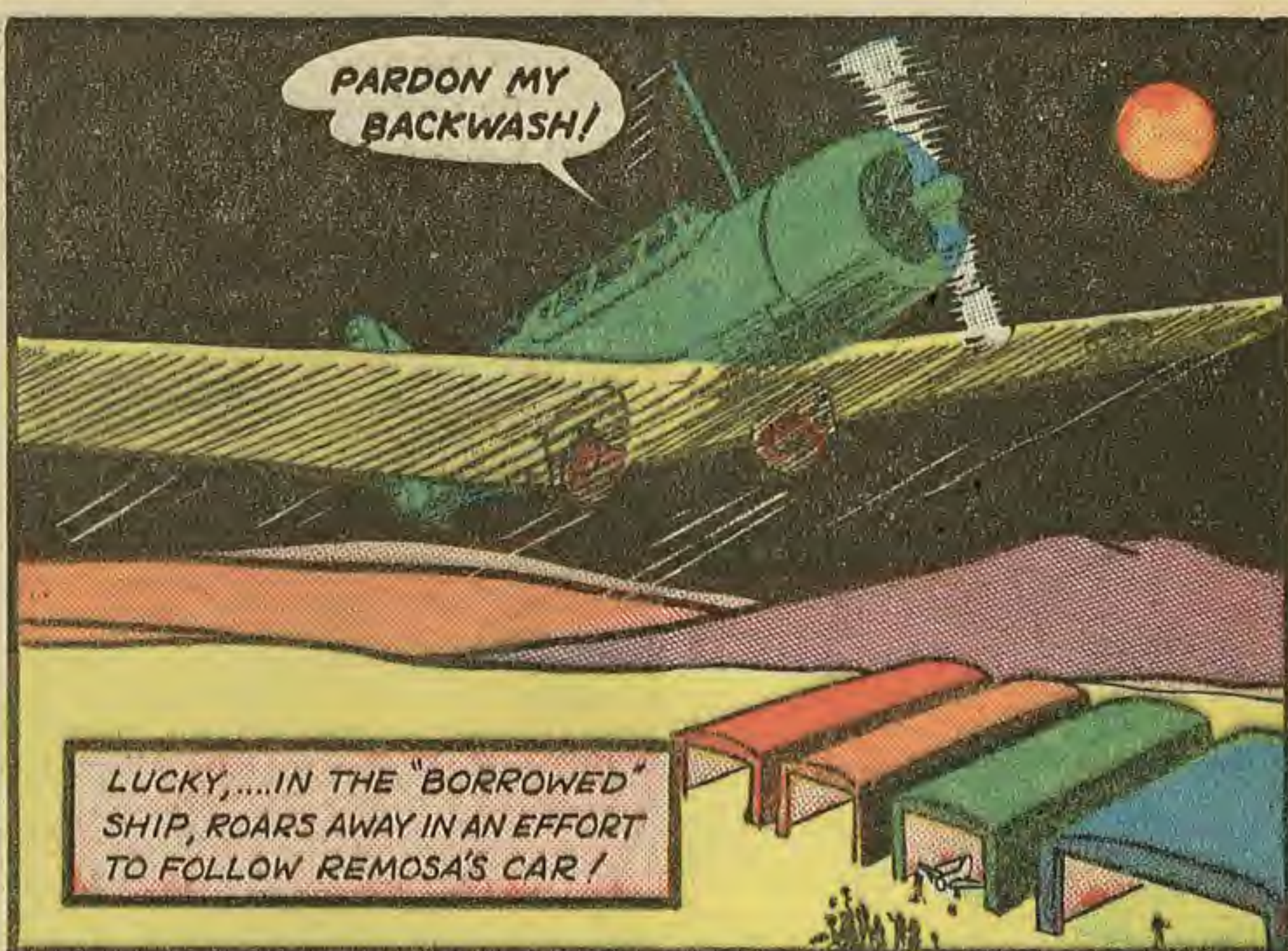
BUT YES, YOU  
WEEL, BABEE!...COME, WE  
GET MY PLANE,...YOU WEEL LIKE  
A JOY RIDE WEETH RAMON!

LORIS IS STRUGGLING  
WITH RAMON REMOSA!





REMOSA'S CAR SPINS AWAY,.....WITH LORIS STILL PROTESTING!



LUCKY,....IN THE "BORROWED" SHIP, ROARS AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO FOLLOW REMOSA'S CAR!

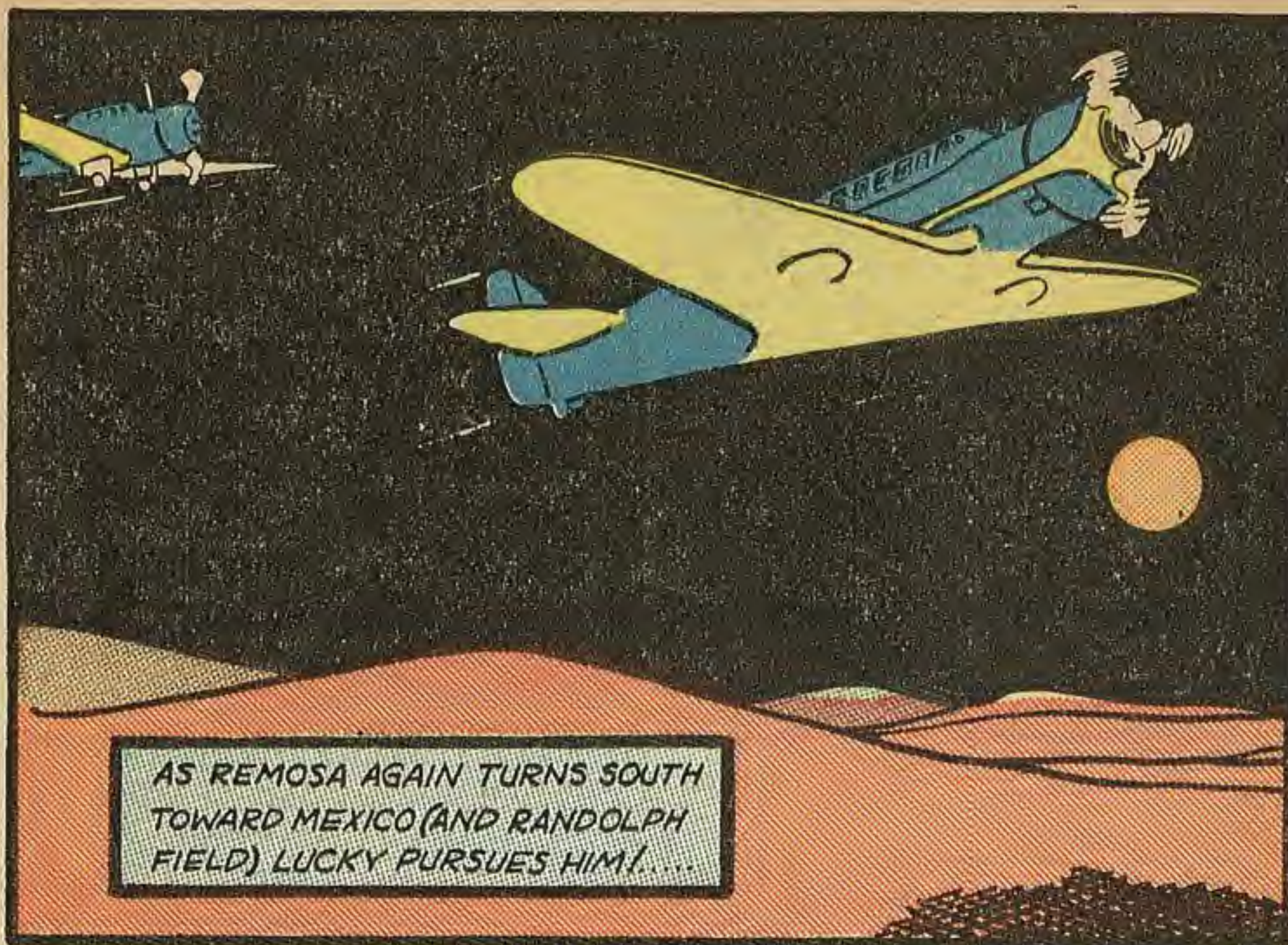


AFTER A SHORT CHASE NORTH..



WITH LORIS ABOARD, REMOSA TAKES OFF FOR THE BORDER!





AS REMOSA AGAIN TURNS SOUTH  
TOWARD MEXICO (AND RANDOLPH  
FIELD) LUCKY PURSUES HIM!...

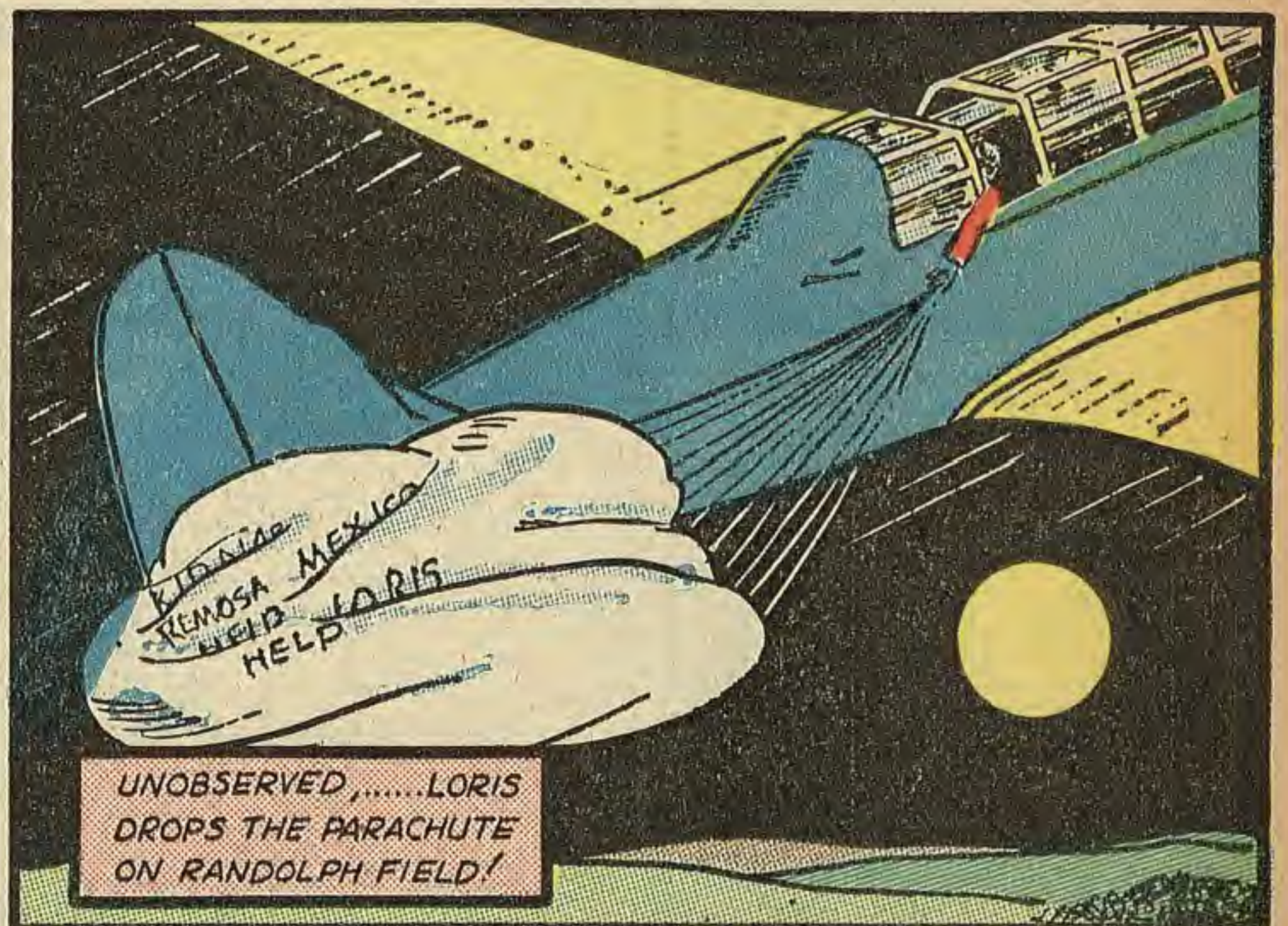


THAT 'CHUTE!.....I CAN  
DROP IT, AND SOMEONE  
WILL PICK IT UP!

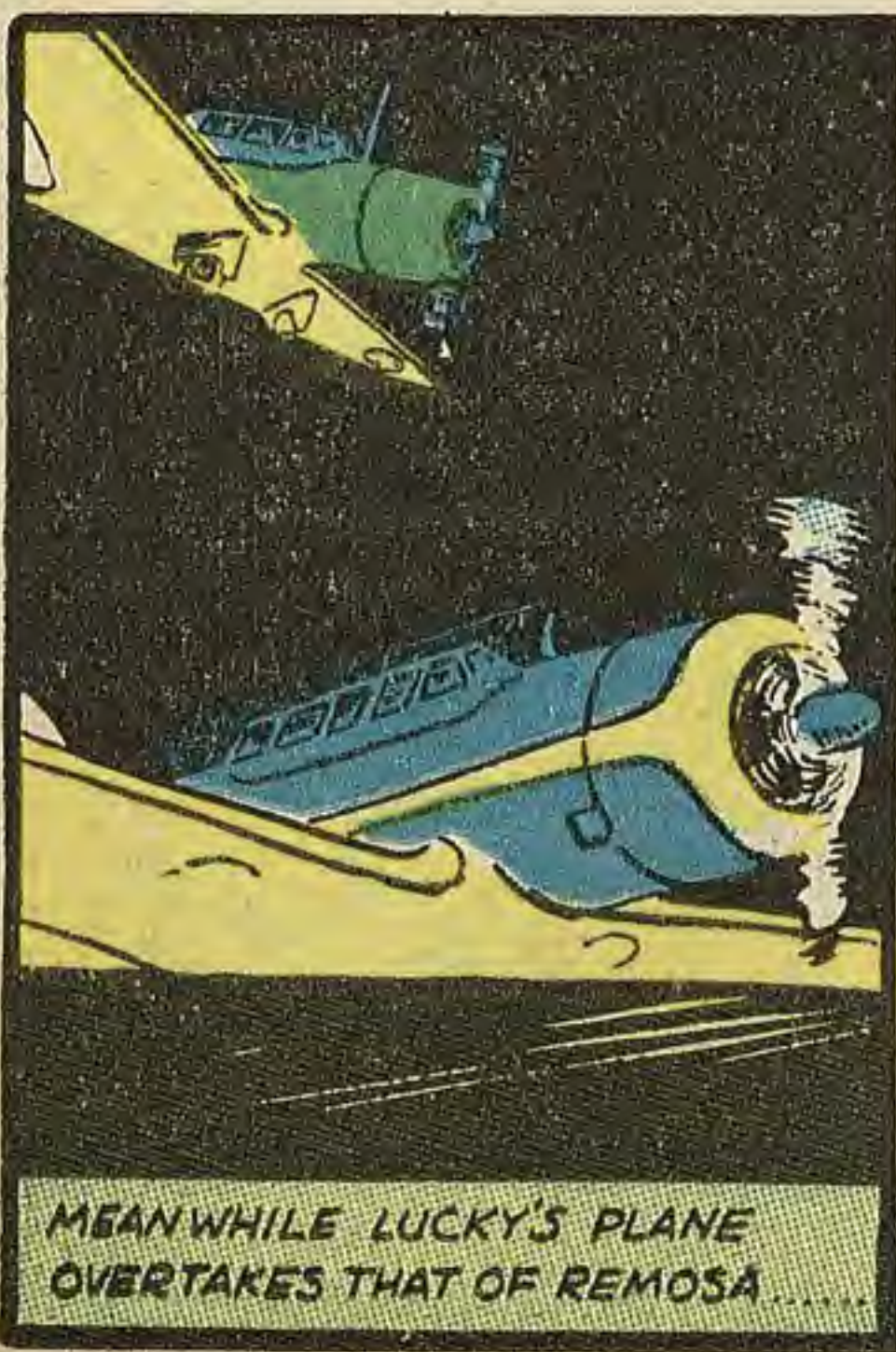
LORIS HAS AN INSPIRATION!.....



SHE HASTILY SCRAWLS A  
MESSAGE IN LIPSTICK!



UNOBSERVED,.....LORIS  
DROPS THE PARACHUTE  
ON RANDOLPH FIELD!



MEANWHILE LUCKY'S PLANE  
OVERTAKES THAT OF REMOSA.....

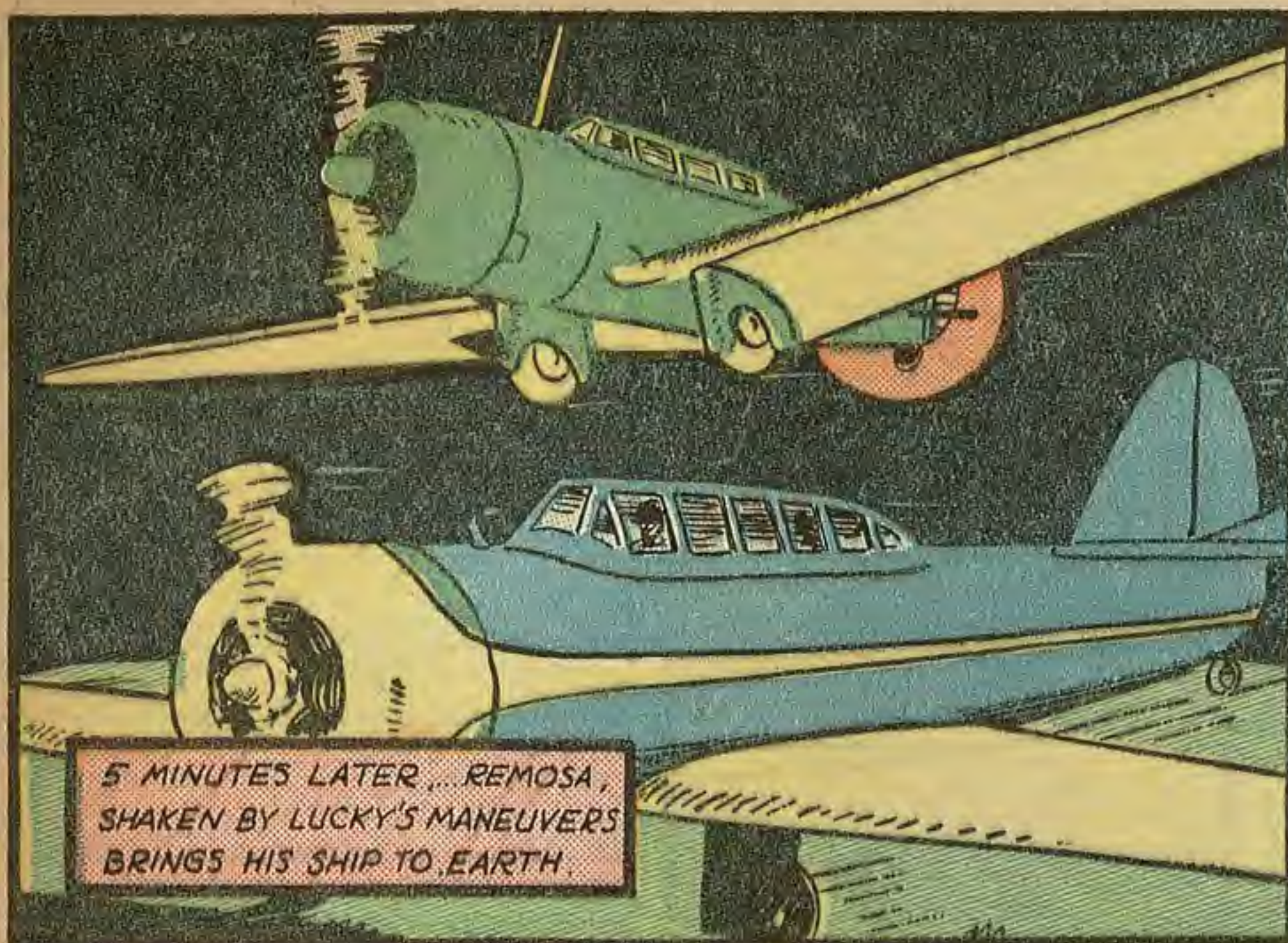


HOW'S THIS ONE,  
PRETTY BOY?

HEY!

LUCKY DELIBERATELY SETS  
ABOUT FLYING REMOSA'S  
PLANE OUT OF THE AIR!





5 MINUTES LATER... REMOSA, SHAKEN BY LUCKY'S MANEUVERS BRINGS HIS SHIP TO EARTH.



GET OUT OF THAT PLANE, YOU RAT!....I'M GOING TO **BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!**



SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU FIGHT! **WHY,...YOU!**

REMOSA SWINGS AT LUCKY WITH A HEAVY WRENCH, BUT MISSES



AND I'LL DO **THIS** EVERY TIME I SEE YOUR PRETTY PAN!



YOU'D BETTER KEEP THIS QUIET, LORIS ....I SAW IT HAPPEN, BUT NOBODY ELSE WOULD BELIEVE SUCH A TALE!

I G-GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, LUCKY



NOW GET HOME, FAST!... BEFORE ANYBODY SEES YOU!

TH-THANKS SO MUCH, LUCKY!

BACK AT RANDOLPH FIELD AGAIN

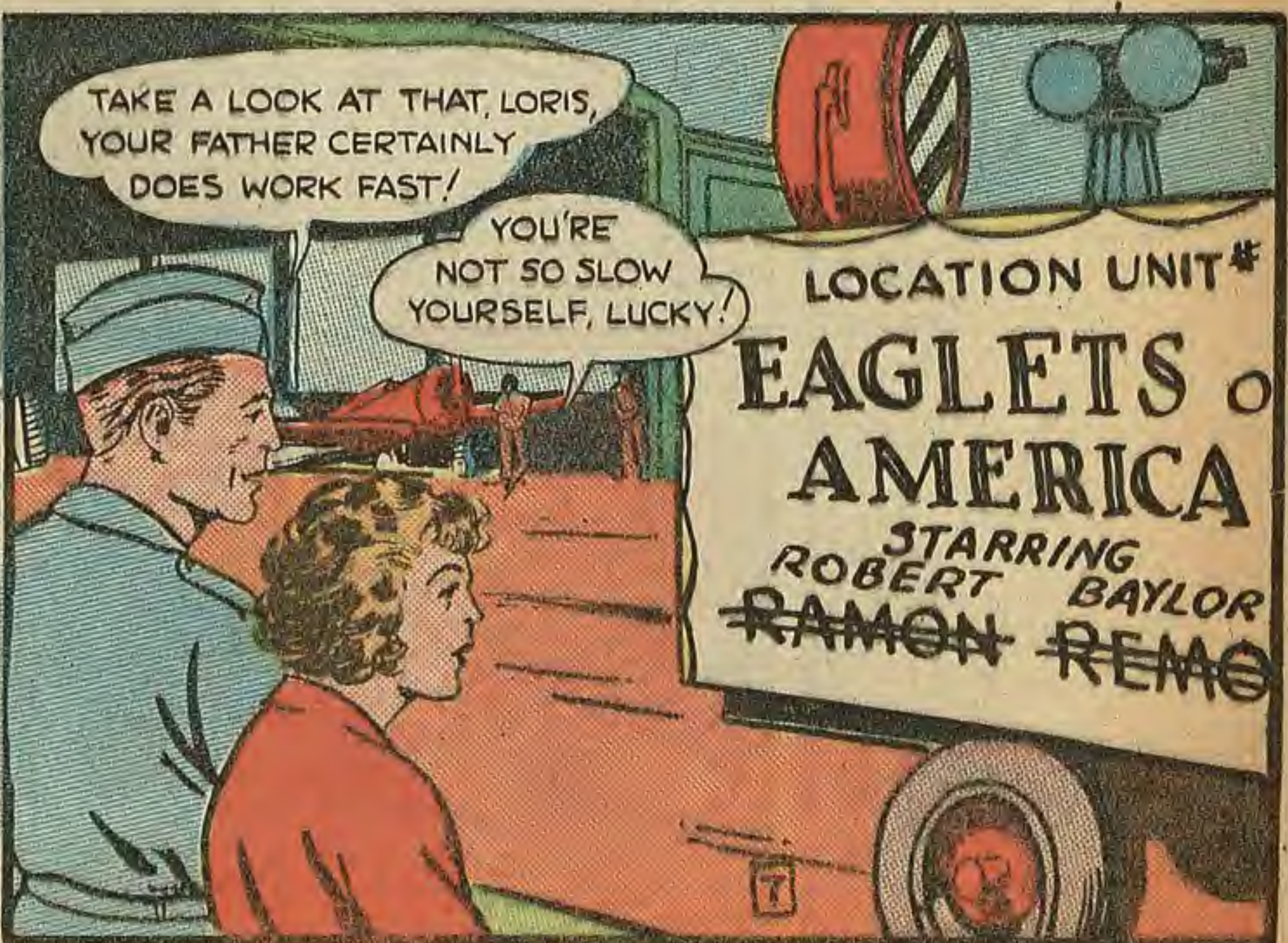


MISTER BYRD, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!...YOU WILL REPORT TO THE BENZINE BOARD TO-MORROW AT 2 P.M.

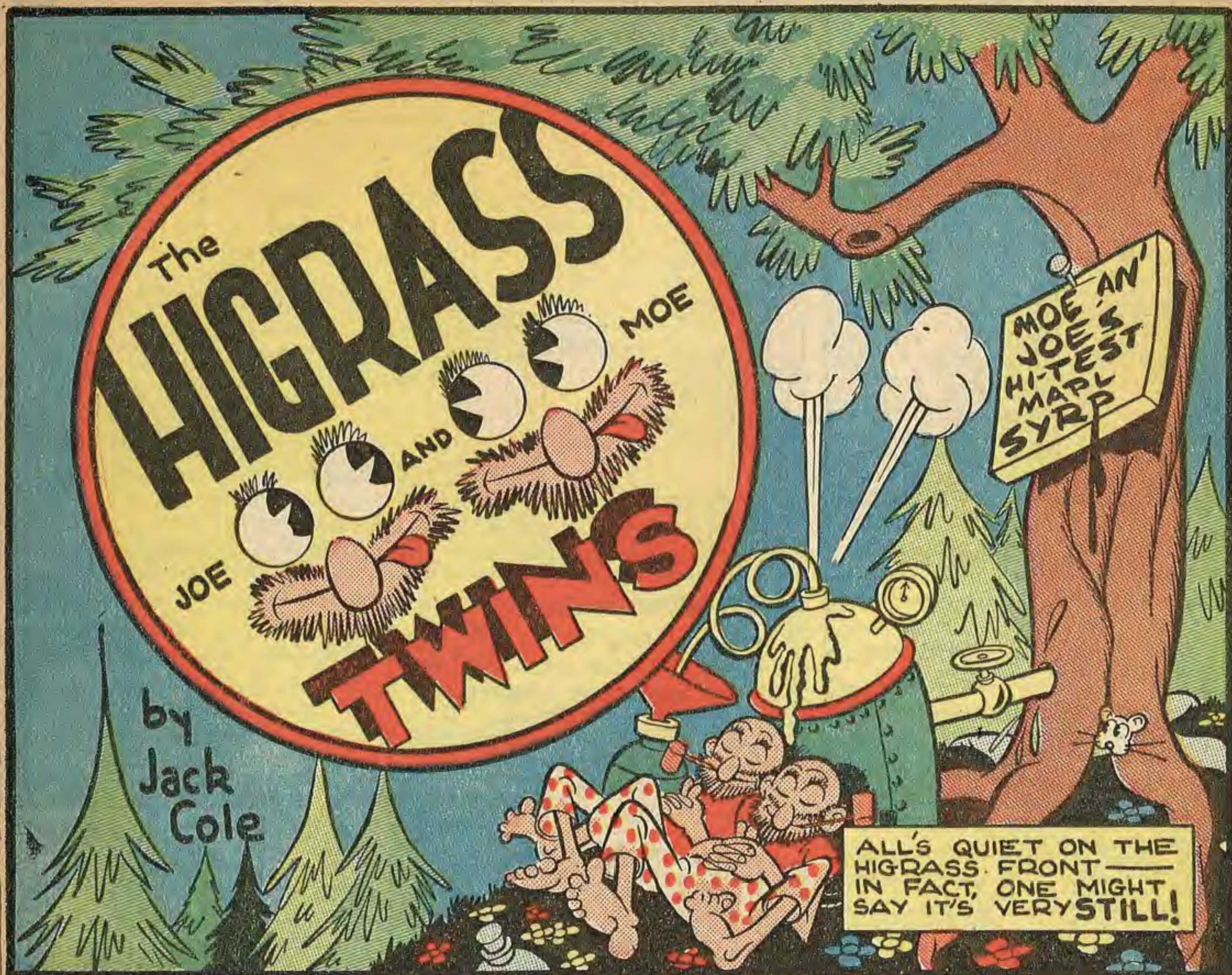
YES, SIR!

IN THE HANGAR, LUCKY FINDS MAJOR ADAMS AWAITING HIM.





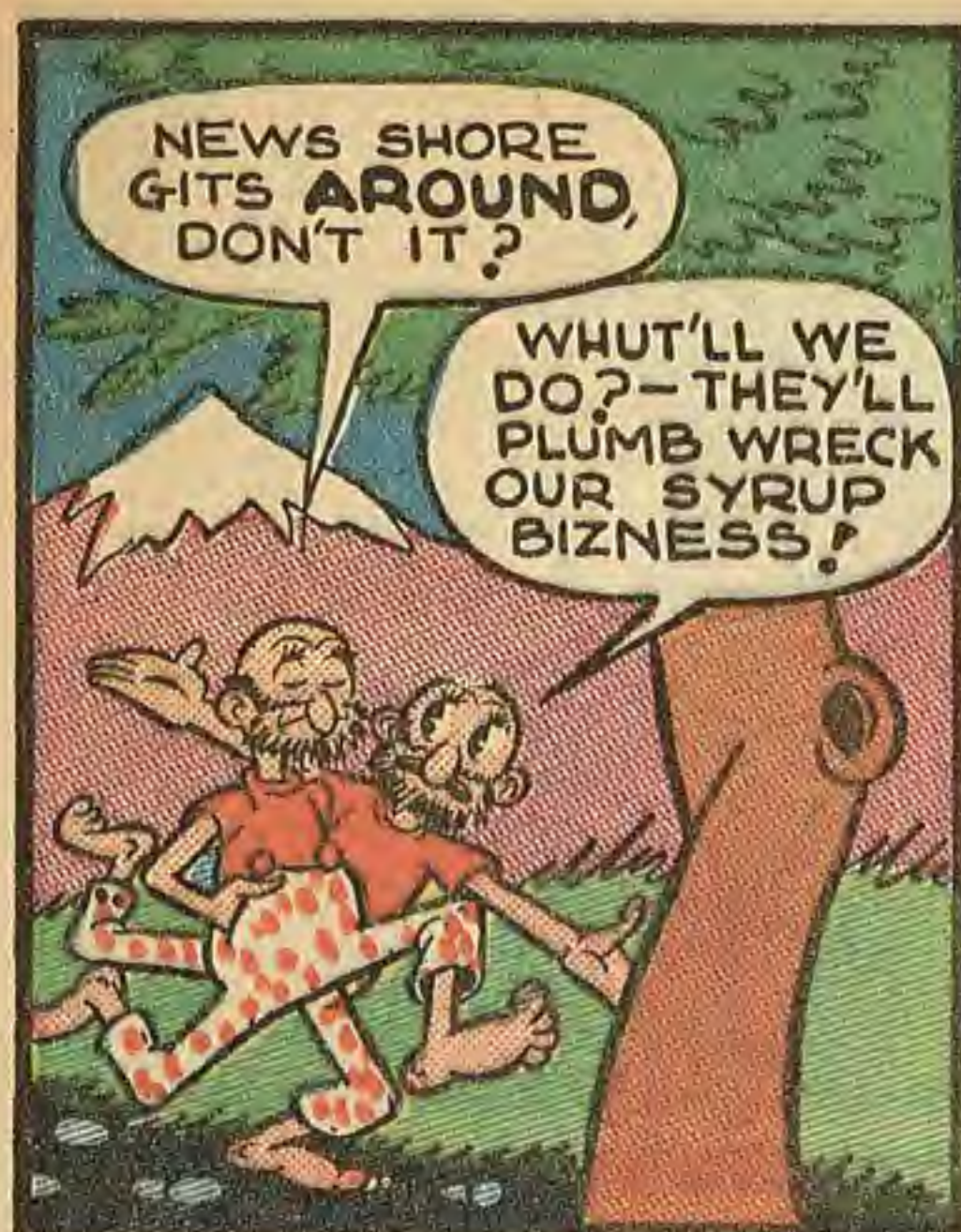




GANGWAY! THE KENTUCKY GRAPE-VINE TELEGRAPH IS IN OPERATION!











GIT ALONG!!—AN' PITY YOU IF I GO **STONE BLIND!!**

B-BUT WERE **TWINS!!** LISSSEN TUH THIS:—

SWEET ADOLIME! MAH ADOLIME! ET NIGHT, SWEETHART FER YUH, WE'UNS PINE!

THAR! DID YUH EVER HEARED TELL UV ONE PUSSUN SINGIN' A **DEWETT?**



TAINT NO ARGUMENT! WHEN I GITS THIS WAY, I NOT ONLY **SEE DOUBLE**, BUT I ALSO **HEAR DOUBLE!**



CAME THE PASSING OF THE NIGHT:—

O.K., POP—I'LL RELIEVE YA!

TAKE OVER, SUN—**GAD!** BUT I HATE NIGHT SHIFT!

HAVING SLEPT WELL, THE 'REV-ENOOER' VISITS



STILL TWO OF YOU!—BY GOLLY, I GUESS YOU REALLY **ARE TWINS!**—TEE HEE—THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON ME!!



BY THE WAY, SINCE YOU ARE'NT UNDER ARREST, WE'LL HAVE TO CHARGE YOU FOR A NIGHT'S LODGING AND TWO MEALS!—**TWINS!** BOY THAT'S ONE ON ME, ALRIGHT! HA HA-HO HO-HAR HAR—HEE HEE—!!



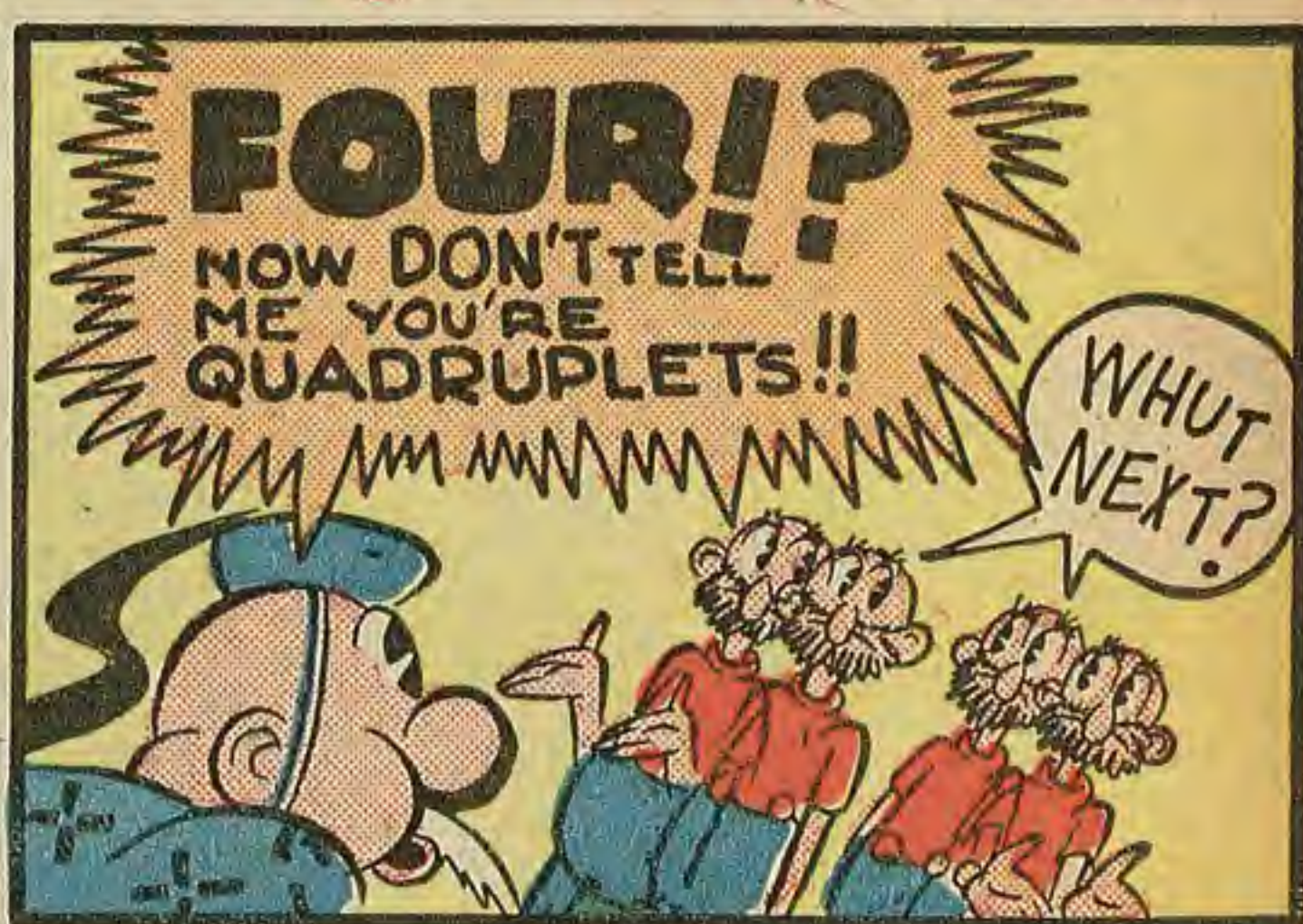
THUH NERVE UV SOME **POLEPUSSYS!!**

THET'S ONE ON HIM **HUH!**



**DAGNAB IT!!** I CAN'T GIT ANY-THING ON THESE HILLBILLIES 'ROUND HERE!—GOTTA CHANGE MY APPROACH!!







# T-MEN

**T-MAN TURNER**  
TANGLES IN A WEB OF  
INTERNATIONAL SPIES  
AND FINDS THAT ALL  
"ACCIDENTAL HAPPENINGS"  
ARE **NOT** ACCIDENTS

By **E.F. WEBSTER**  
FORMER  
INSPECTOR,  
U.S. TREASURY  
DEPT.

JOE SIMON

## IN 'SABOTAGE'

AHA! WINGED YOU,  
EH? THAT'LL TEACH  
YOU NOT TO CROSS  
ME!

NOW TO GET UP OUT  
OF THIS SEWER! AH,  
HERE'S A MANHOLE!

WHEN WE LEFT T-MAN TURNER,  
HE WAS TRAILING DR. BLACK,  
NARCOTIC KING, DOWN A  
CITY SEWER....  
INSPECTOR JORDAN  
IS SHOT..

I DUCKED  
THE T-MAN!

LATER, AT U.S. TREASURY  
HEADQUARTERS.....

WELL, DR. BLACK IS DEAD,  
INSPECTOR FOSTER IS  
RECOVERING AND  
THE DOPE RING  
IS SMASHED,  
TURNER..

LONG ISLAND



NOW, I WANT YOU TO CHECK ON ALL PRIVATELY OWNED PLANES ON LONG ISLAND....WE SUSPECT SABOTAGE IN THE RECENT FIRES AND EXPLOSIONS OF U.S. BATTLESHIPS. A MYSTERY PLANE HAS BEEN SEEN FLYING OUT TO SEA.. IT MAY HAVE SOME BEARING ON THE CASE..

MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDERWORLD HIDEOUT

I AM COUNT KARNA.. LAMENTABLE, THESE LATE DISASTERS, EH?!

LET HIM IN, GAZOR.. I RECOGNIZE HIM AS AN ATTACHE OF HIS GOVERNMENT

O.K. CHIEF.

THE UNITED STATES IS BUILDING TWO 45,000 TON BATTLESHIPS..ONE IS NEARLY COMPLETED.... MY GOVERNMENT WOULD NOT WANT TO SEE IT LAUNCHED, UNDERSTAND? I PAY WELL..

I HAVE A PLAN.. GET THE CAR, GAZOR

TAKE THE SIDE ROAD SO WE'LL AVOID THE TOWN..

GET THE PLANE READY, NICOLA.. WE HAVE WORK FOR YOU..

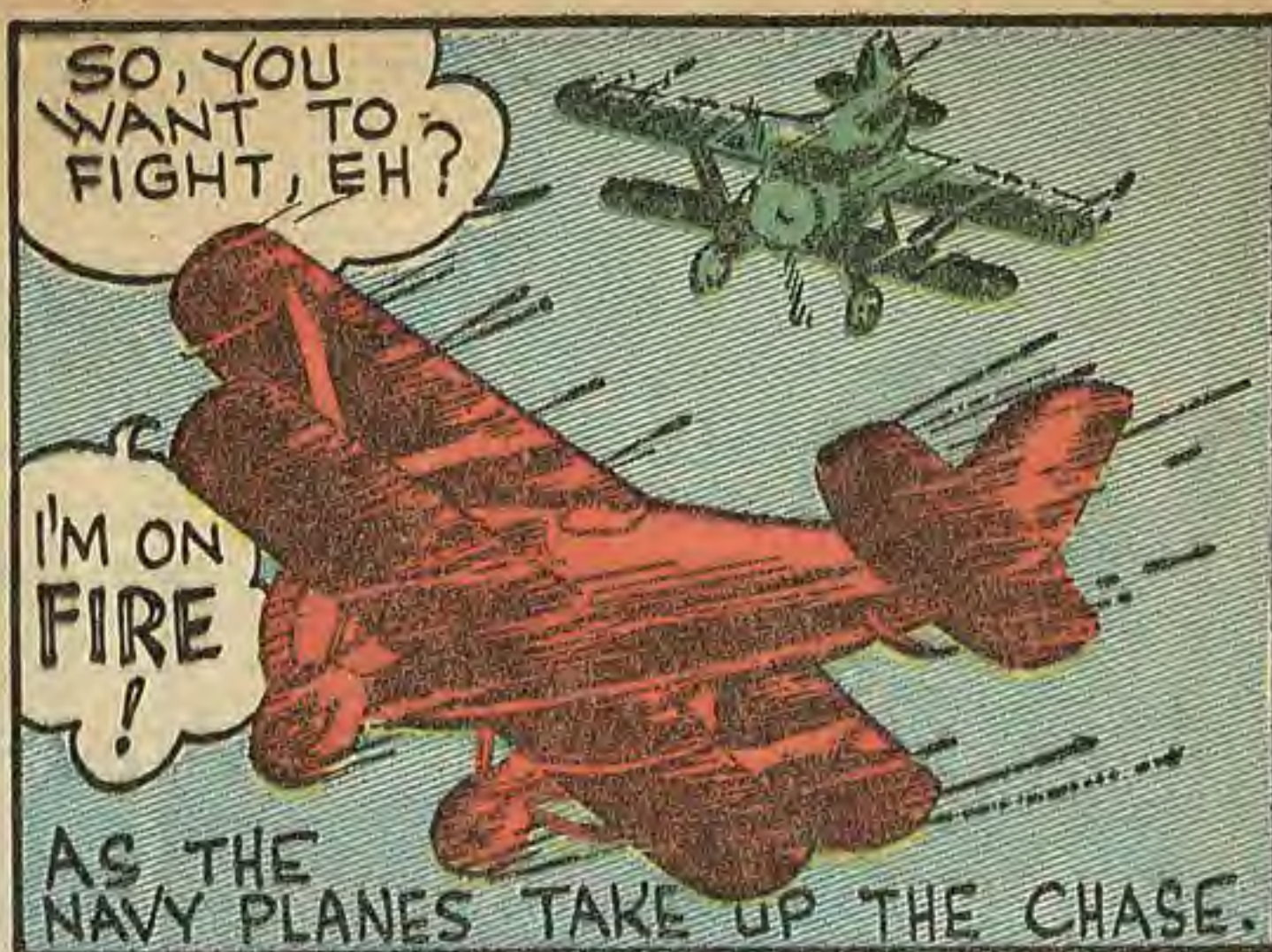
I WANT YOU TO FLY THE BOMBER OVER THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, BOMB THE NEW SHIP AND BEAT IT.. THEN THIS TEN GRAND IS YOURS..

AT THE NAVY YARD, THE U.S.S. HAWAII NEARS COMPLETION

WELL, HERE GO MY PASSENGERS OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION...WHEN I FINISH THIS JOB I'M QUITTING THE RACKET WHILE I STILL HAVE MY HEALTH!

DOWN BELOW, IN THE NAVY YARD..

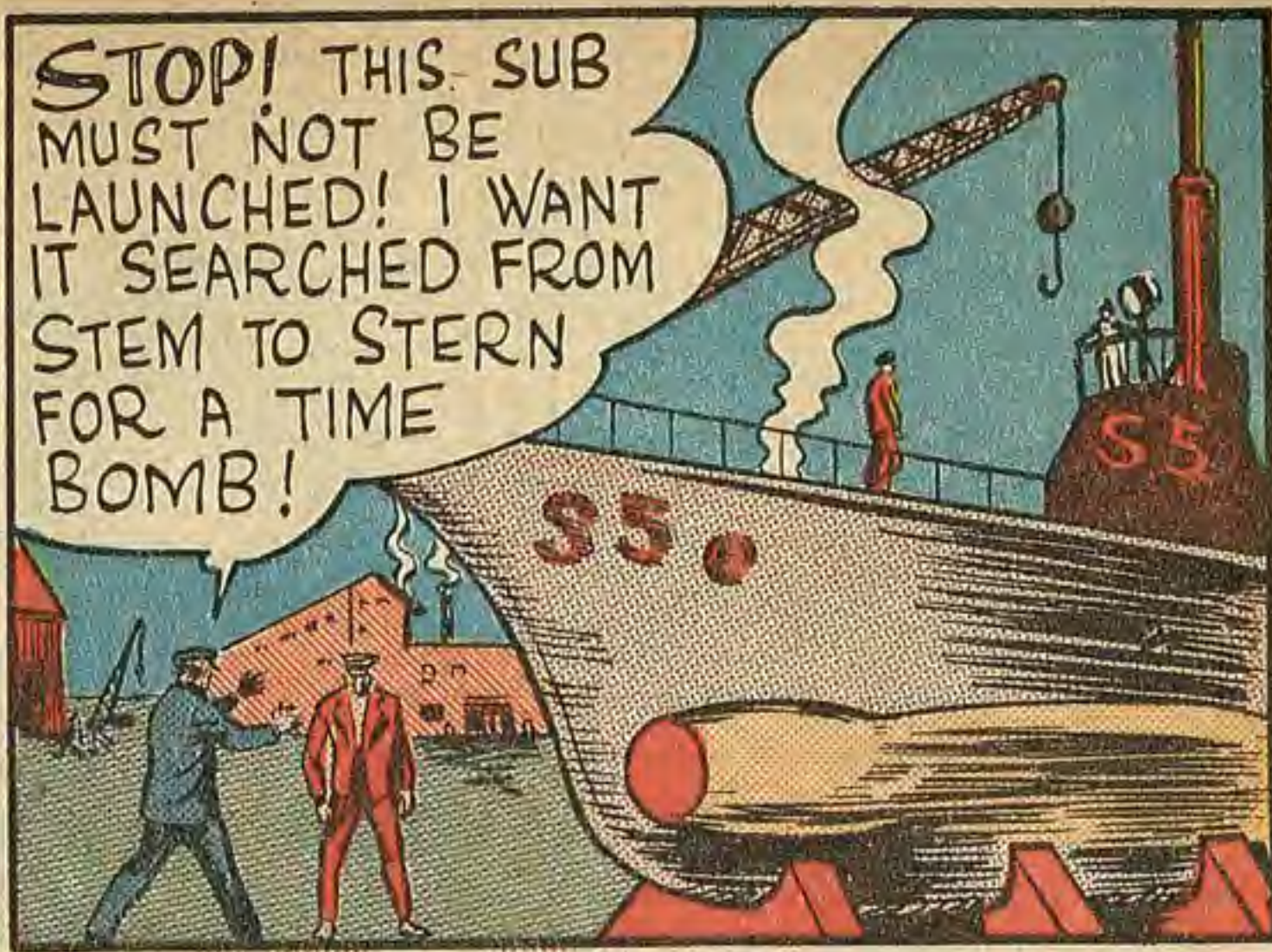










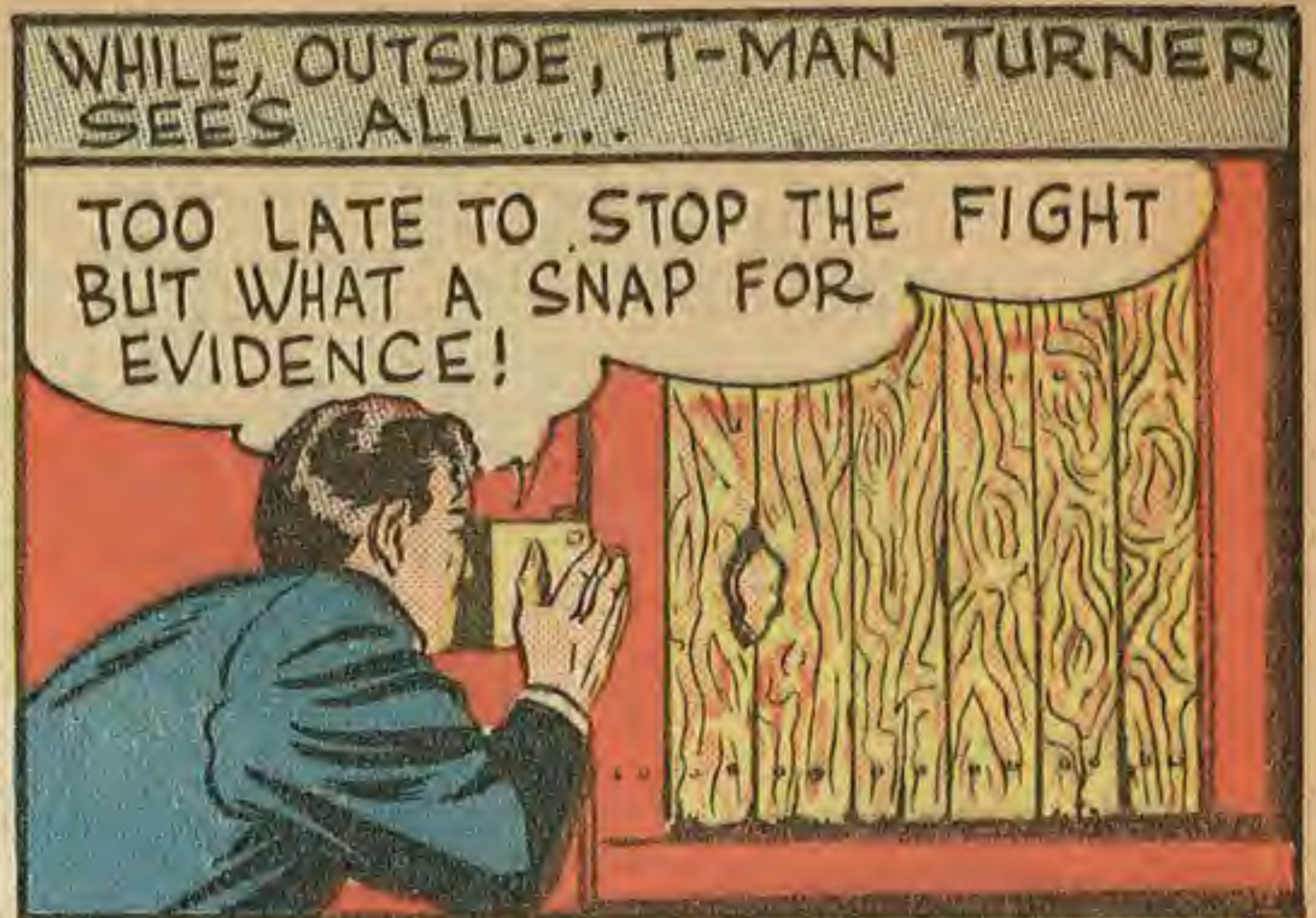






HE'S DEAD,  
CHIEF!

ALL RIGHT..  
TAKE HIS  
MONEY AND  
LET'S GET  
OUT OF  
HERE!



WHILE, OUTSIDE, T-MAN TURNER  
SEES ALL....

TOO LATE TO STOP THE FIGHT  
BUT WHAT A SNAP FOR  
EVIDENCE!



STICK 'EM UP!  
I'LL TAKE THAT  
GUN!

WHO THE  
BLAZES ARE YOU?



DROP IT! I'VE  
GOT YA COV-UGH!

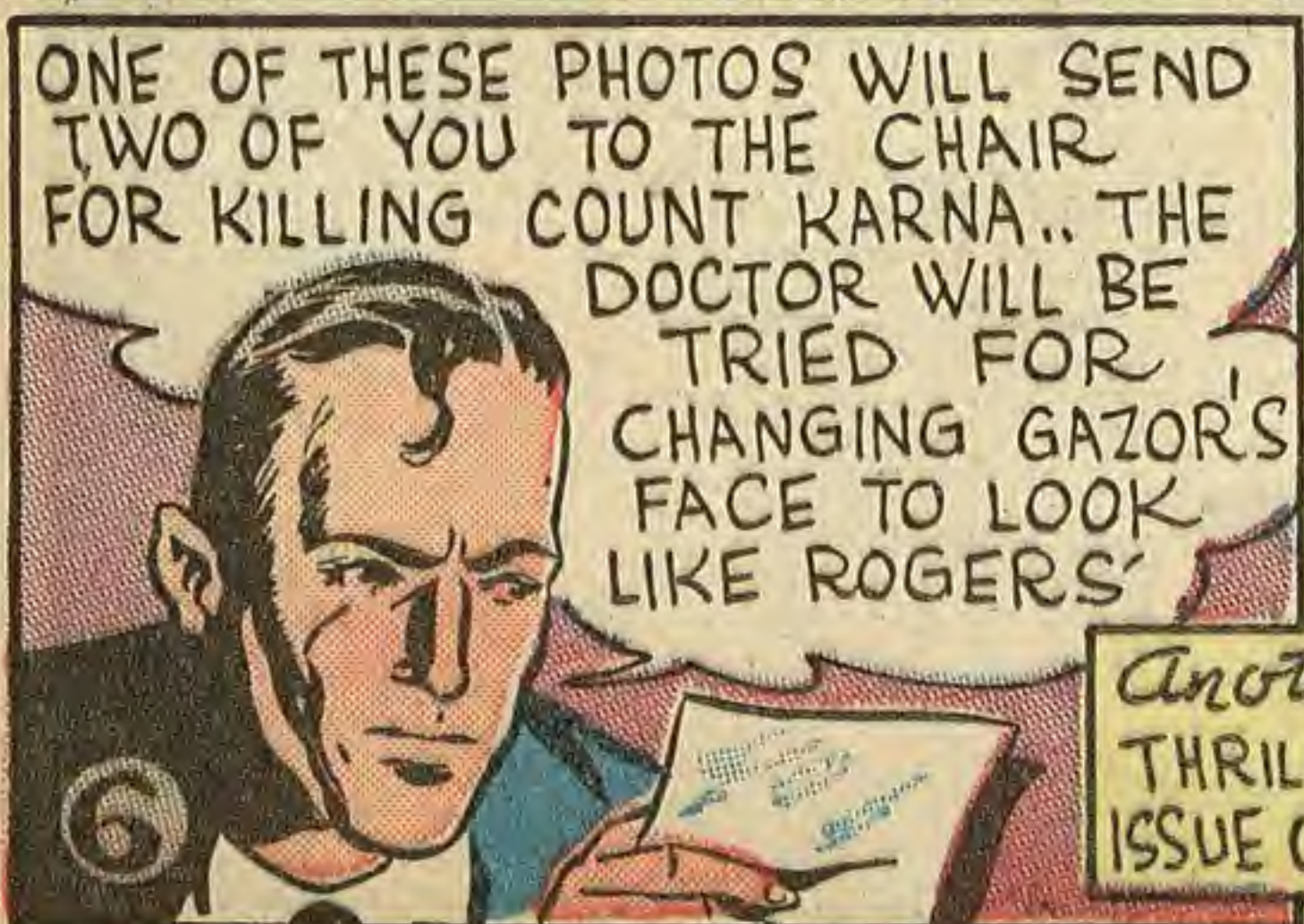
SO YOU  
WANT TO  
PLAY  
ROUGH!



NOW GET INTO THAT CAR-  
AND NO FUNNY  
BUSINESS OR I'LL  
GO TO WORK  
ON YOU!



CHIEF, THESE ARE THREE OF THE MEN  
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ATTEMPT TO  
BLOW UP THE SUB..THE COMMANDANT  
FOLLOWED MY ORDERS AND  
HAD A SIXTEEN INCH GUN  
FIRE A BLANK CHARGE TO  
SOUND LIKE AN EXPLOSION



ONE OF THESE PHOTOS WILL SEND  
TWO OF YOU TO THE CHAIR  
FOR KILLING COUNT KARNA.. THE  
DOCTOR WILL BE  
TRIED FOR  
CHANGING GAZOR'S  
FACE TO LOOK  
LIKE ROGERS'



AND NOW, I BELIEVE  
THAT COMPLETES  
THE CASE,  
CHIEF..

GREAT WORK,  
TURNER.

Another T-MAN  
THRILLER IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS



# CITY EDITOR

By POTTER



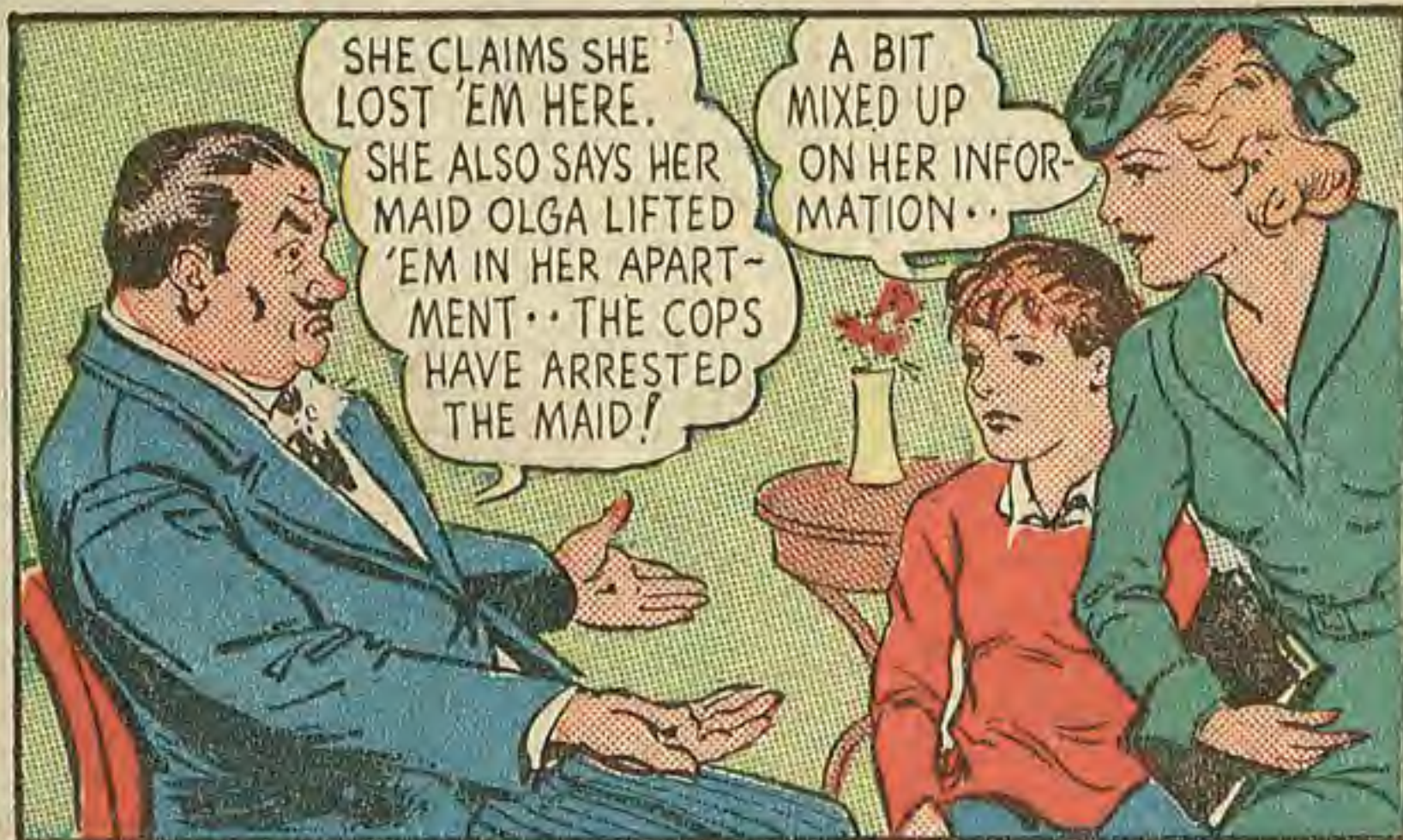
HERE'S A GOOD ONE - GIRL BITES POLICEMAN! WELL, SOME OF THEM ARE A BIT DOGGISH.

HOW COME, CHIEF? SOUNDS LIKE A STORY! OOOH! IT'S SONIA DAMAROFF'S MAID!



GO 'ROUND TO THE STATION HOUSE, PHIL... JOY BELL, YOU GO TO THE "BLUE DEVIL" CABARET. THOSE ARE TWO PLACES WHERE WE MIGHT FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO SONIA DAMAROFF.

SHE CLAIMS SHE'S BEEN SEPARATED FROM HER PRECIOUS EMERALDS!



SHE CLAIMS SHE LOST 'EM HERE. SHE ALSO SAYS HER MAID OLGA LIFTED 'EM IN HER APARTMENT... THE COPS HAVE ARRESTED THE MAID!

A BIT MIXED UP ON HER INFORMATION...

AT THE "BLUE DEVIL", JOY SEES THE MANAGER...



WHAT ABOUT THIS MAN-EATING FEMALE, SARGE?

TRIED TO EAT RAFFERTY! WE RUN HER IN FOR STEALING THE DAMAROFF JEWELS BUT HAD TO LET HER GO FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE!



LATER-

YOU SAY YOUR MAID STOLE THE EMERALDS - YOU ALSO SAID YOU LOST THEM AT THE "BLUE DEVIL" - WHO DID YOU DANCE WITH?

...WITH MR. BEACHLY - HE NEVER STOLE THEM! OH DEAR - I'M ALL MIXED UP!

MEANWHILE - AT THE POLICE STATION, PHIL QUESTIONS THE DESK SERGEANT...









GUESS THE NEXT THREAD IN THE MYSTERY IS THE "BLUE DEVIL."

O.K.-LET'S GO THERE!



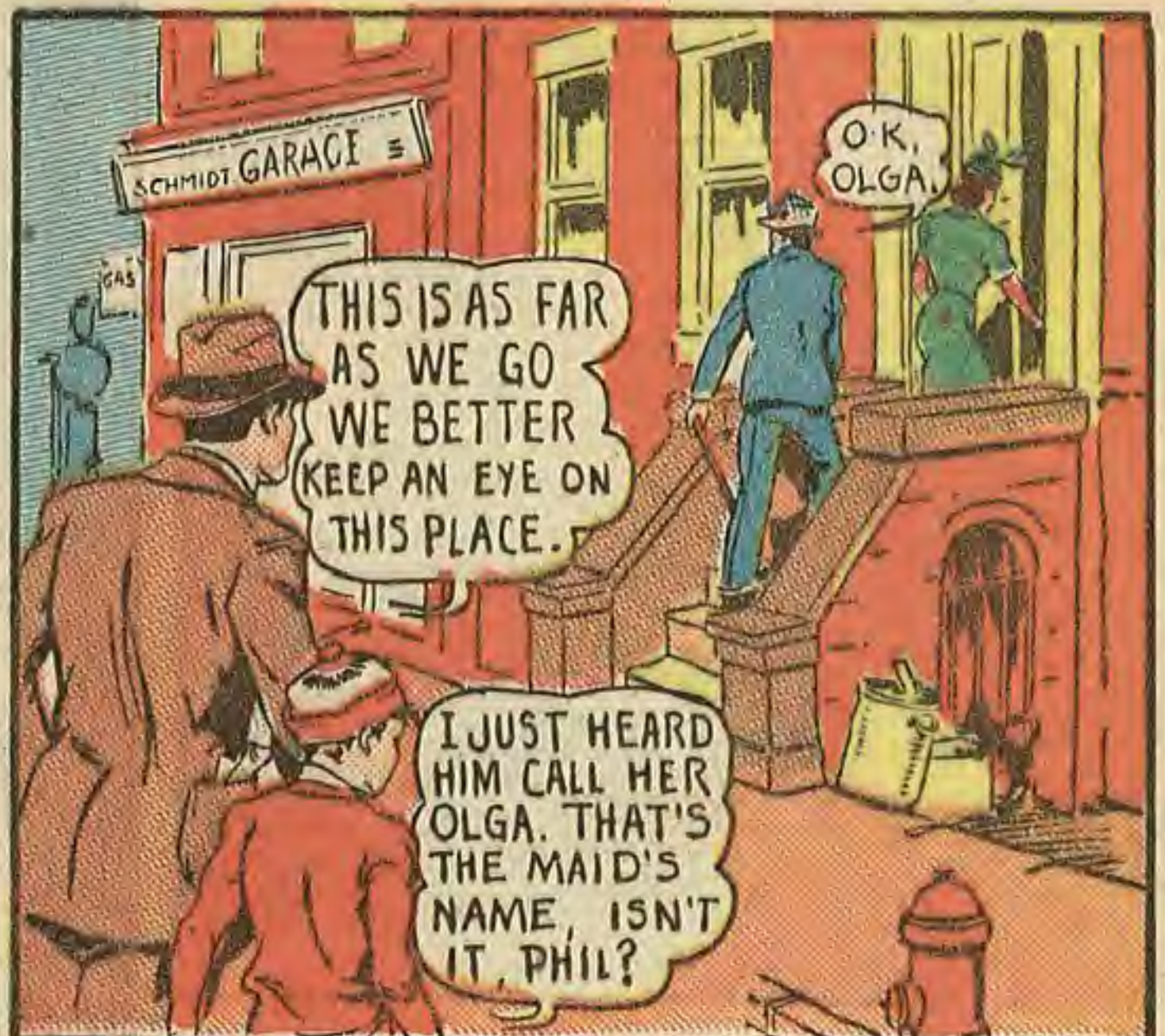
THAT'S BEACHLY, THE FELLOW IN THE PHOTO!

I WONDER WHO SHE IS!



LET'S FOLLOW THEM CAREFULLY

THEY ARE GOING DOWN-TOWN.



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO WE BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THIS PLACE.

I JUST HEARD HIM CALL HER OLGA. THAT'S THE MAID'S NAME, ISN'T IT, PHIL?



GEE! I WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN-IT'S GETTIN' KINDA COOL HERE.



IT'S TIME THAT POOR KID WAS RELIEVED-HE'S BEEN HERE FOR HOURS!

REPORTERS NEVER GET SLEEPY~ I'D LIKE TO HELP NAB THAT THIEF!

PHIL TELLS PINKY TO WATCH THE HOUSE, BEACHLY AND OLGA ENTERED...NIGHT COMES~

THAT NIGHT, JOY BELL COMES TO RELIEVE PINKY...





WE'LL FOLLOW HER.

THAT'S HER, JOY BELL! COME ON!

A WOMAN COMES QUICKLY OUT OF THE BASEMENT ENTRANCE, CARRYING A PARCEL.~JOY AND PINKY FOLLOW HER.....



TO A PAWN SHOP~BUT SHE ACCIDENTALLY SEES THEM AND DOES NOT GO IN. SHE RACES AWAY AROUND A CORNER.



LATER- THE WOMAN JUMPS OUT OF A DARK SHADOW AND ATTEMPTS TO STRIKE JOY WITH A BLACK-JACK



BUT PINKY TAKES A FLYING LEAP AND HANGS, A DEAD WEIGHT, ON HER ARM.



IF SHE'D-A HIT YOU, I'D A KILLED HER, ALMOST.~ PHIL'S GOING TO TEACH ME HOW TO BOX.

BRAVE BOY!



YOU SAY IT WAS OLGA, WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU, JOY?.. AND SHE GOT AWAY WITH HER PACKAGE UP A DARK HALLWAY? HMM---- YOU STAY OUT OF THIS! NOW IT'S A JOB FOR PHIL AND THE POLICE!









WELL, GENTLEMEN -  
IS THIS THE WAY  
TO VISIT A LADY?

RUSHING INTO A LIGHTED ROOM, WHERE THE  
POLICE ARE THREATENED WITH AN AUTOMATIC!



NO LADY PLAYS  
WITH THAT KIND  
OF A TOY!

BUT DONOVAN SENDS THE WEAPON SPINNING!



THERE THEY ARE  
SERGEANT - ALL  
TIED UP FOR YOU.  
BOTH OF 'EM!

O.K. RAFFERTY -  
TAKE THEM AWAY.  
WE'LL HAVE  
TO FIND THE  
JEWELS!

THE THIEVES ARE ROUNDED UP - BUT WHERE  
ARE THE JEWELS?



GEE, PHIL!  
THIS LOOKS  
LIKE 'EM!

I'LL SAY  
IT DOES,  
BOY!

PINKY FINDS THEM, HIDDEN  
IN A GOLF BAG.



JOY BELL, YOU AND PINKY TAKE THIS  
HARDWARE TO MRS. GOODBOND'S,  
OR WHATEVER HER REAL NAME  
IS - TELL HER TO DROP THAT  
SONIA STUFF AND GET HER  
HUSBAND DOWN HERE -  
WE ARE LIKE  
THE MOUNTED -  
WE ALWAYS  
GET OUR MAN!

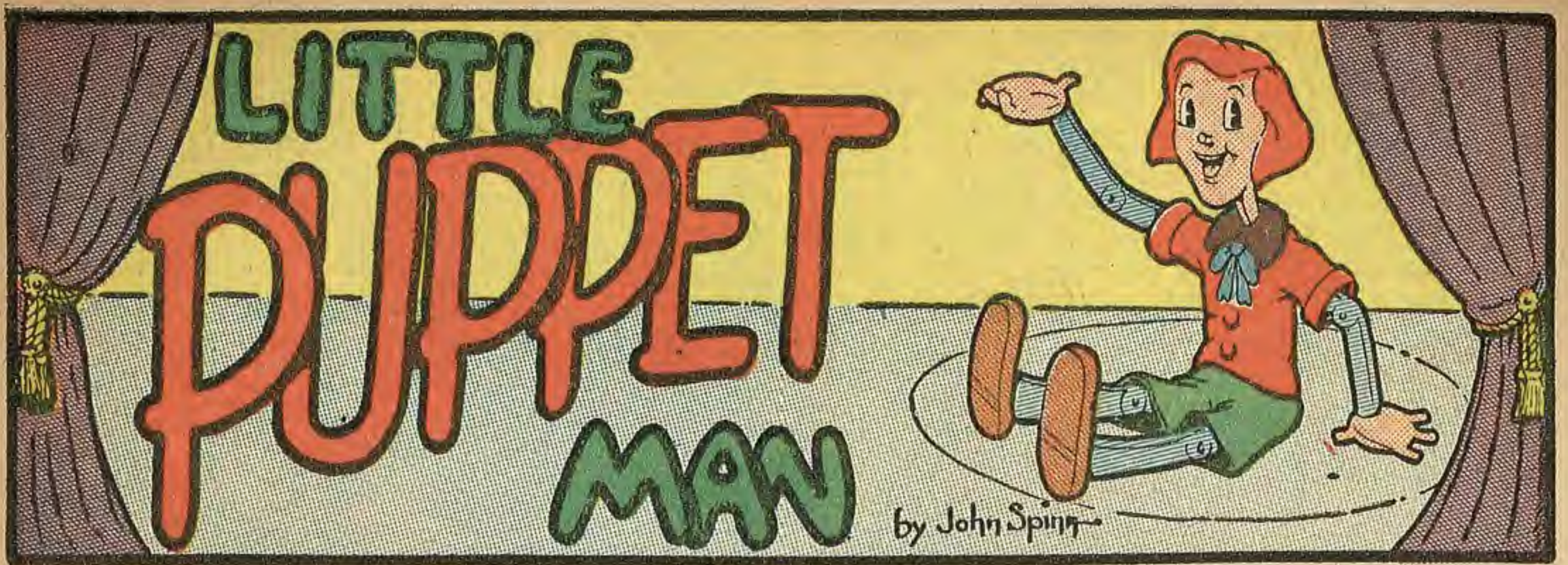


I'M A REGULAR NEWSPAPER  
MAN, NOW - I GUESS!

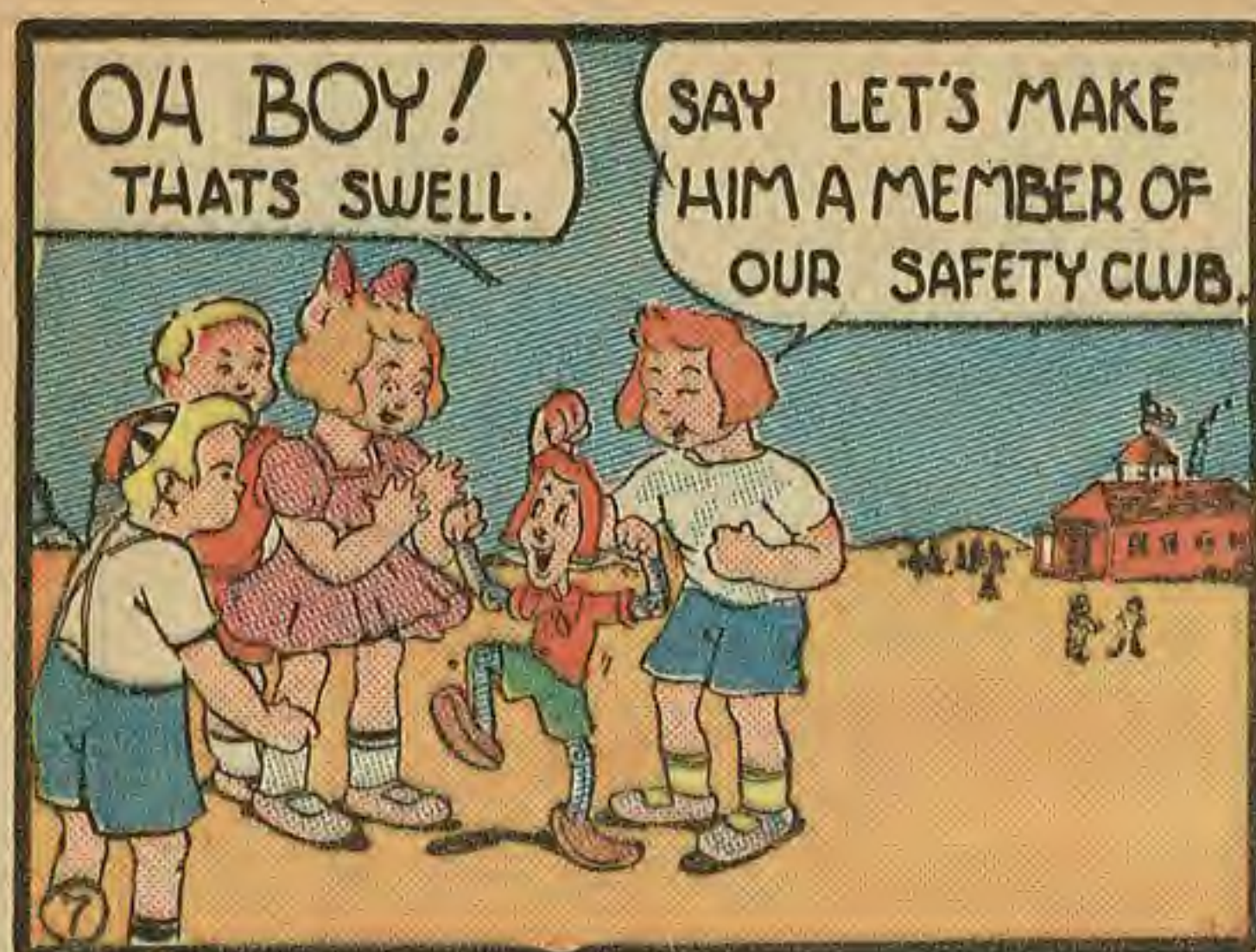
OH H -  
PINKY!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH  
"PINKY", JOY BELL AND PHIL IN "CITY  
EDITOR" - NEXT MONTH - DON'T MISS IT!!

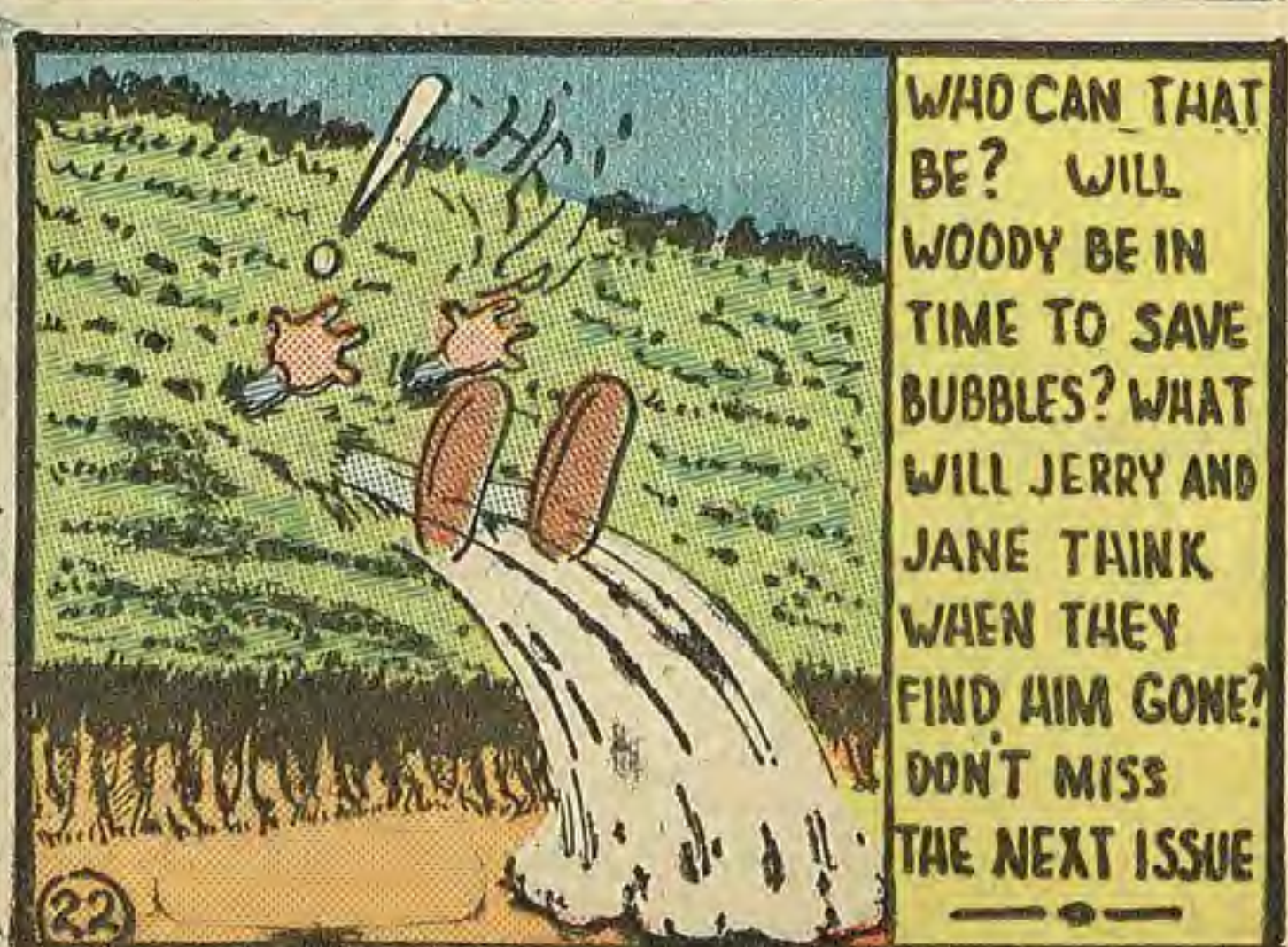
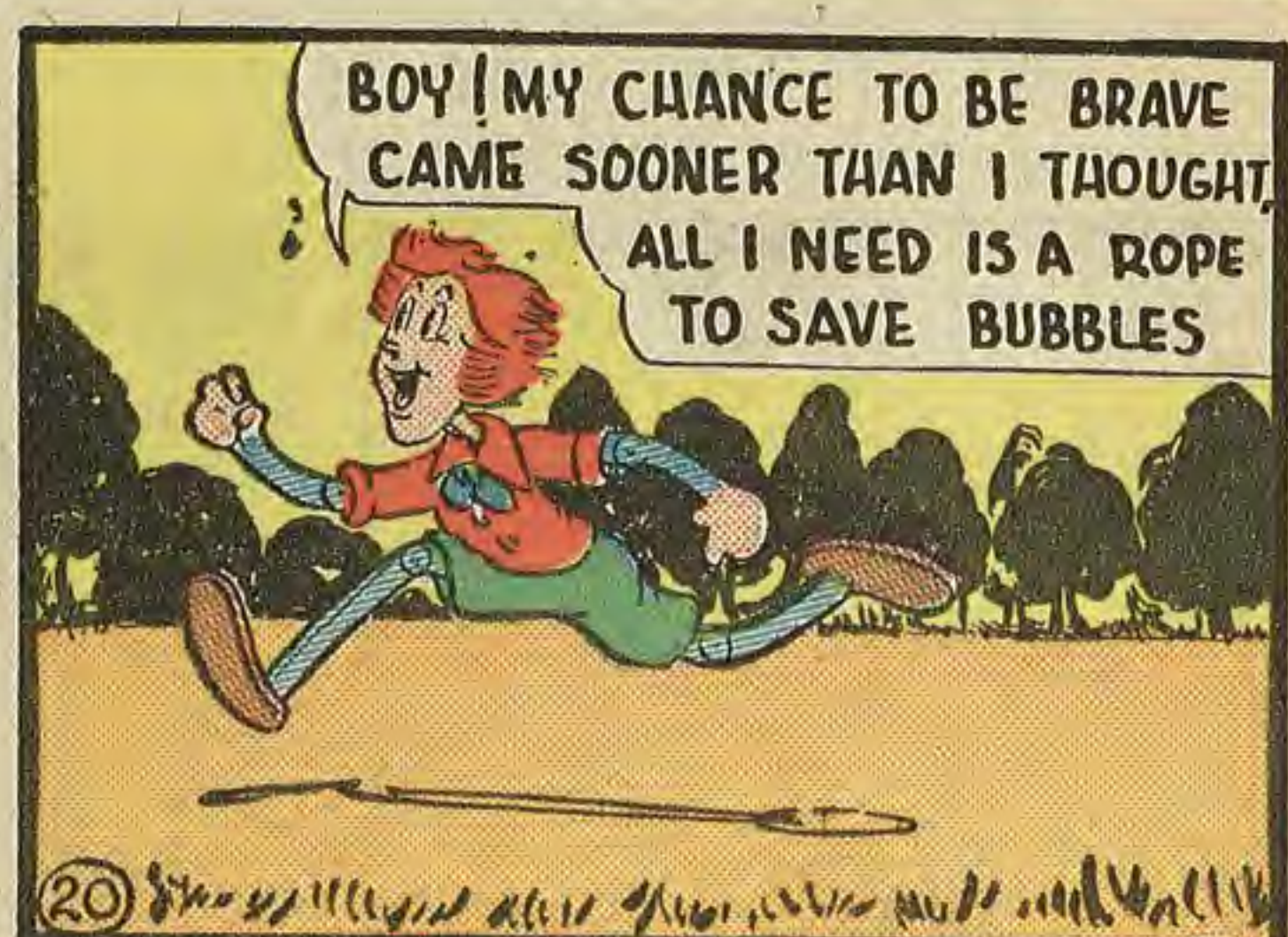
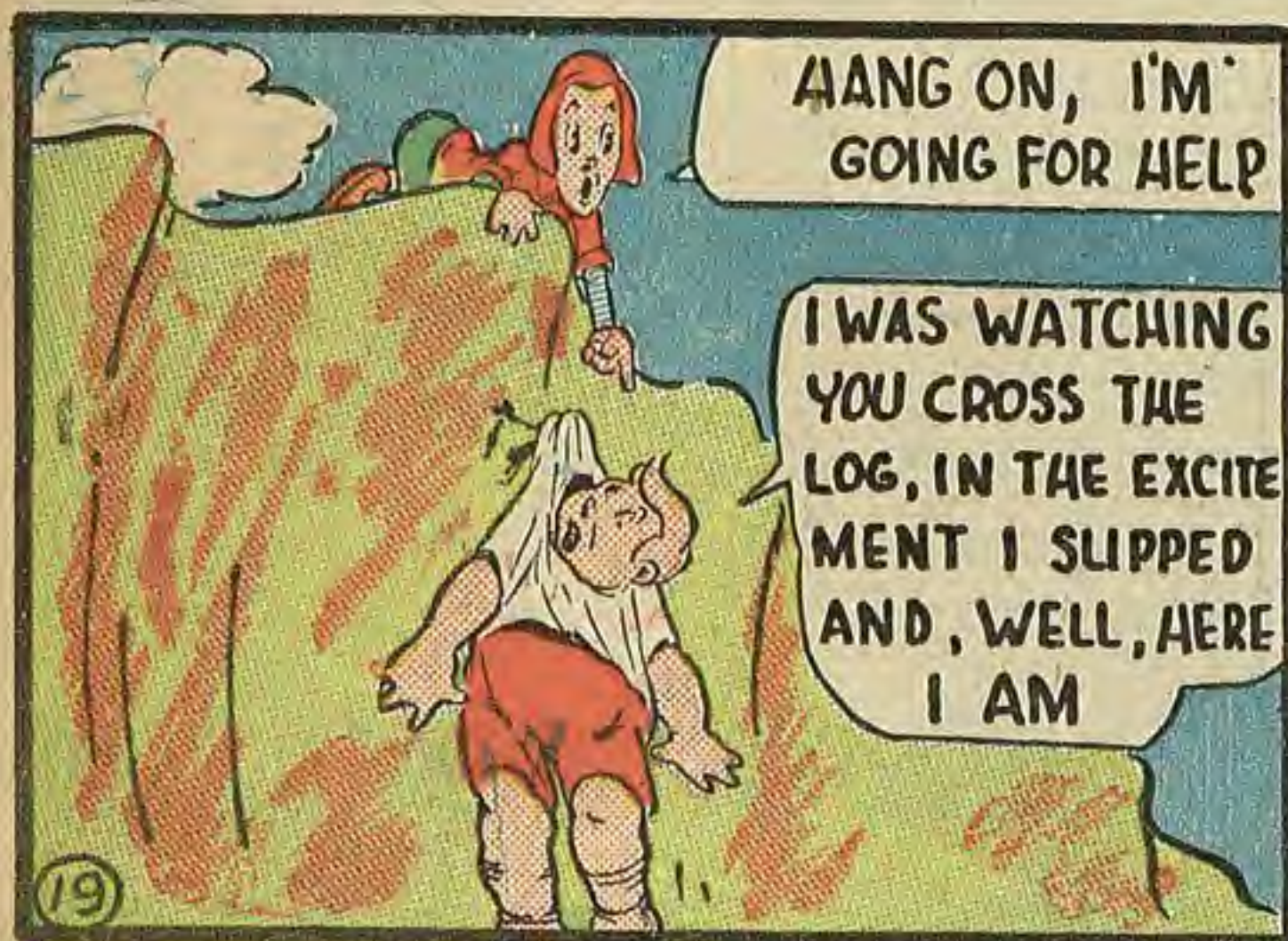
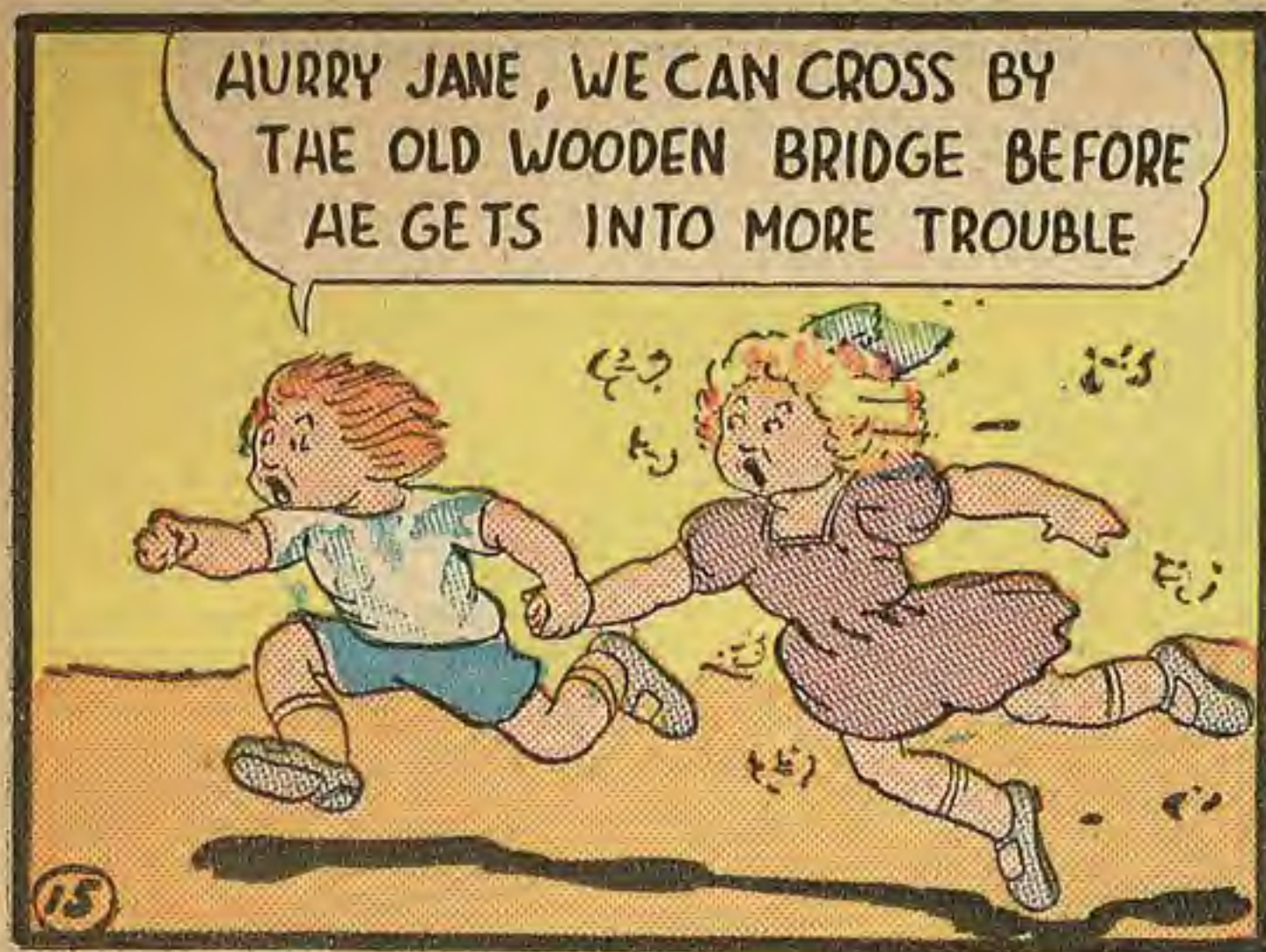












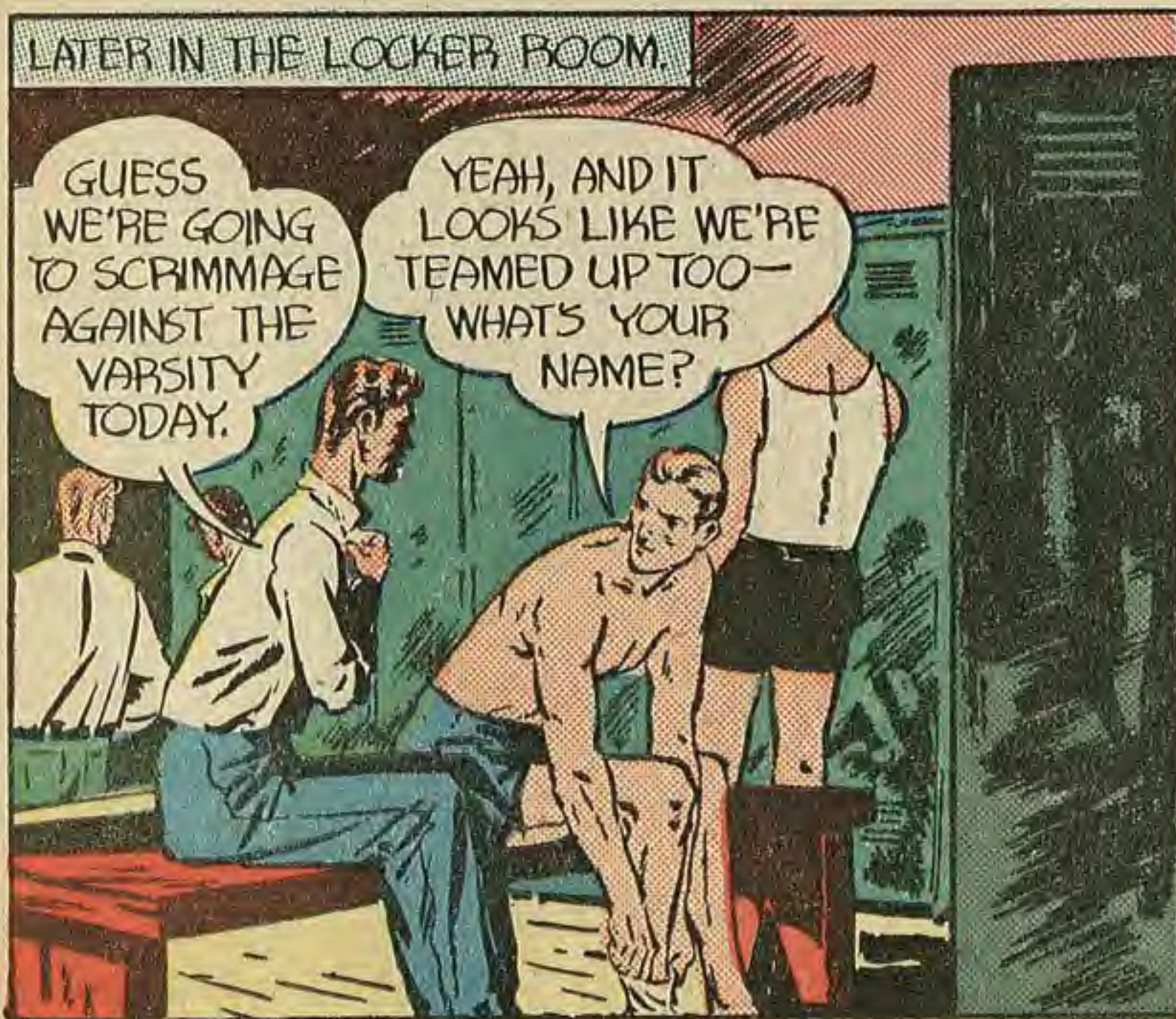




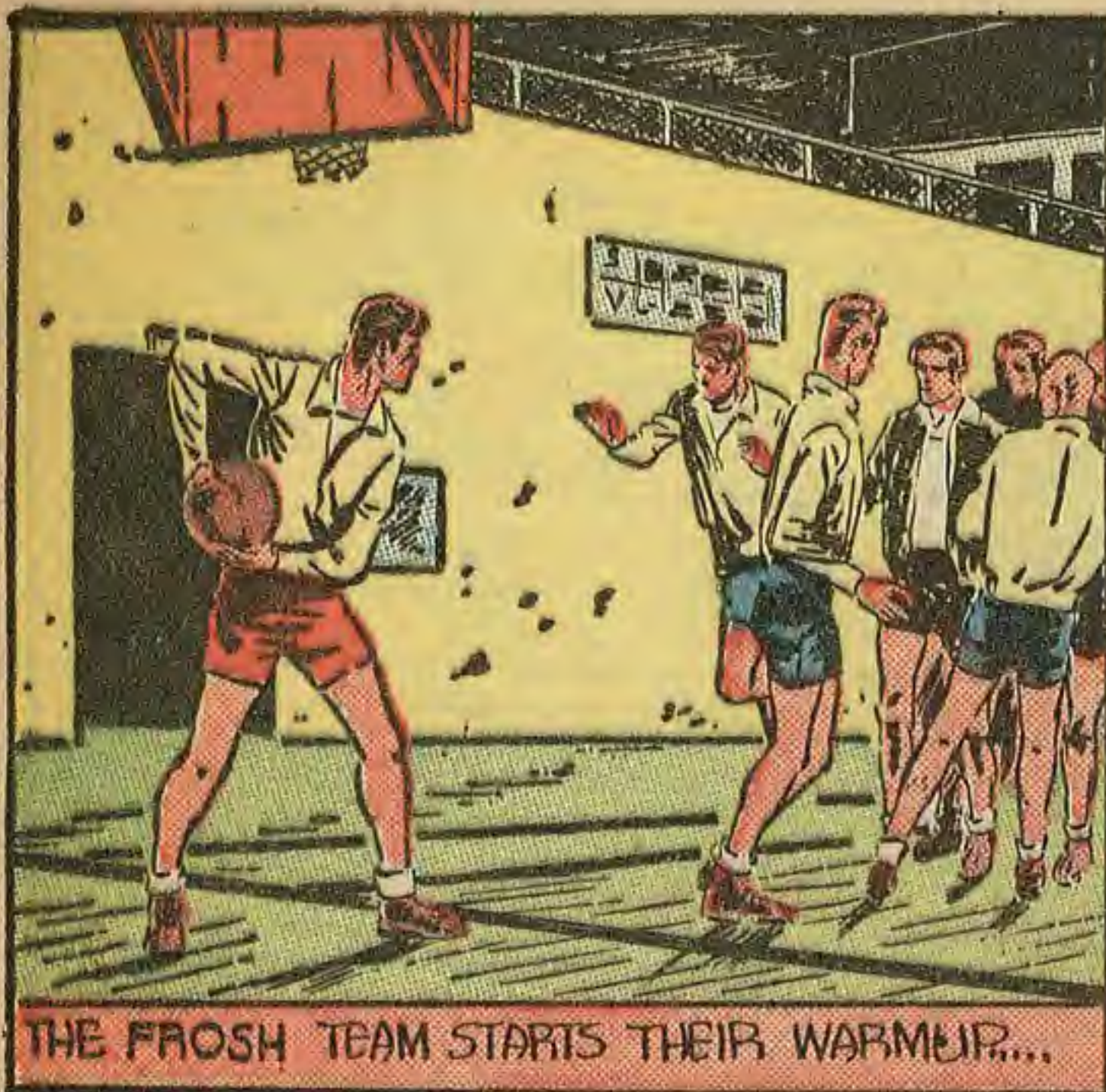
# RIP RORY

FOUR-LETTER MAN  
AT STATE COLLEGE.

AFTER A SEVERE COMPETITIVE TRY-OUT AT  
STATE COLLEGE — RIP RORY DESPITE  
TERRIFIC OPPOSITION MAKES  
THE VARSITY SQUAD.







THE FROSH TEAM STARTS THEIR WARMUP...



...WHILE AT THE OTHER BASKET, THE VARSITY HAS ITS WARMUP.



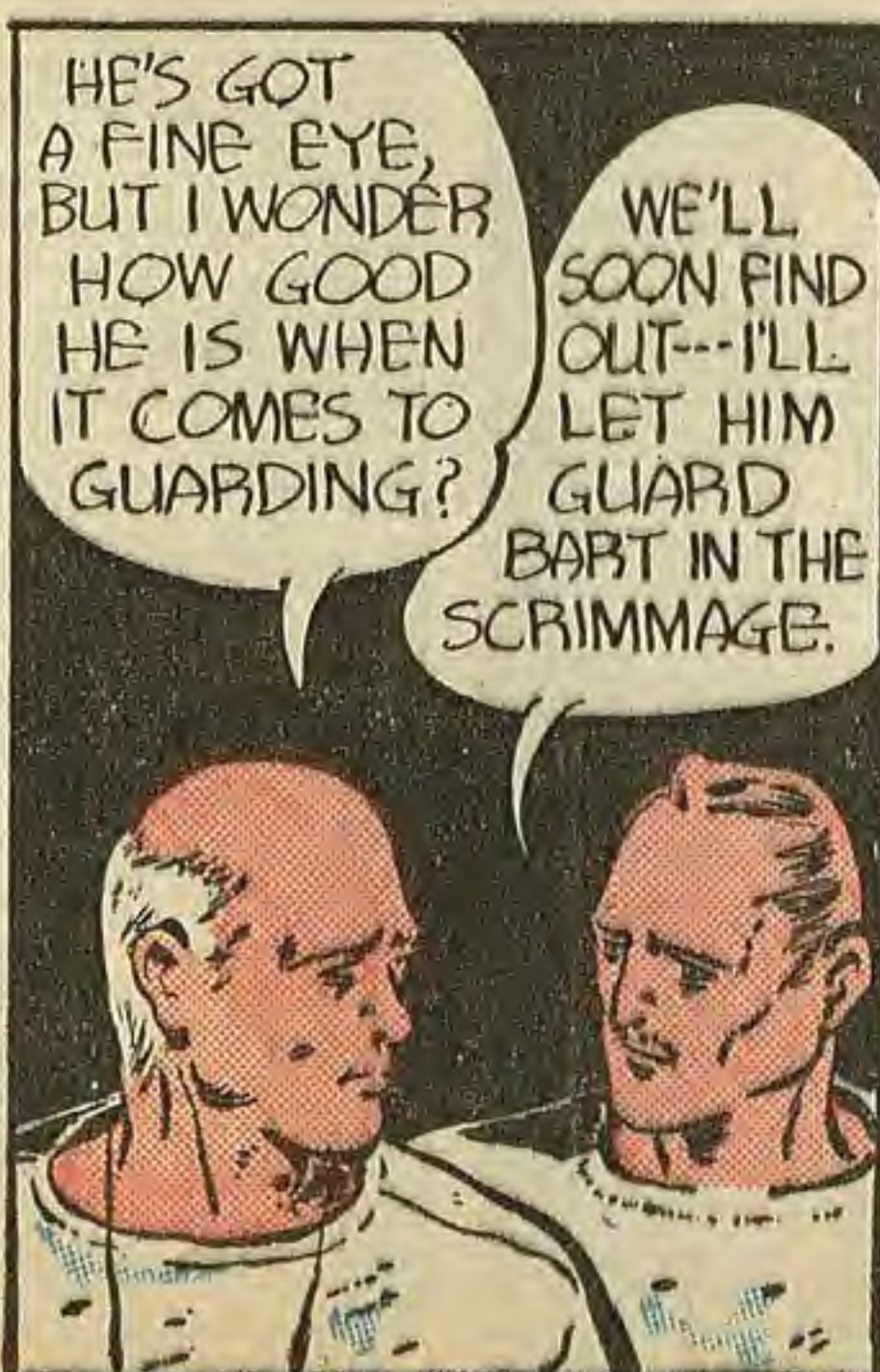
COACH ANDY PETERSON AND TRAINER "POP" HARMON WATCH THE WARM-UPS WITH KEEN EYES.



"RIP" GETS SET FOR A LONGSHOT.



THE BALL ARCHES BEAUTIFULLY AND SWISHES THROUGH THE NET!





YOU BOYS WILL TAKE YOUR REGULAR POSITIONS. RORY-I'M SHIFTING YOU TO LEFT GUARD-JANNINGS, YOU'LL PLAY RIGHT GUARD.



THE FRESHMEN PLAY SHIRTLESS.

BART'S YOUR MAN, RIP- HE'S THEIR SCORING ACE. SEE IF YOU CAN HOLD HIM.

O.K., BOB- THEIR CENTER WILL PROBABLY CONTROL THE TAP, SO WE'LL HAVE TO BE ON OUR TOES.



SO-YOU'RE GONNA TRY TO KEEP ME FROM SCORING, EH?

WELL, I'M GOING TO TRY!

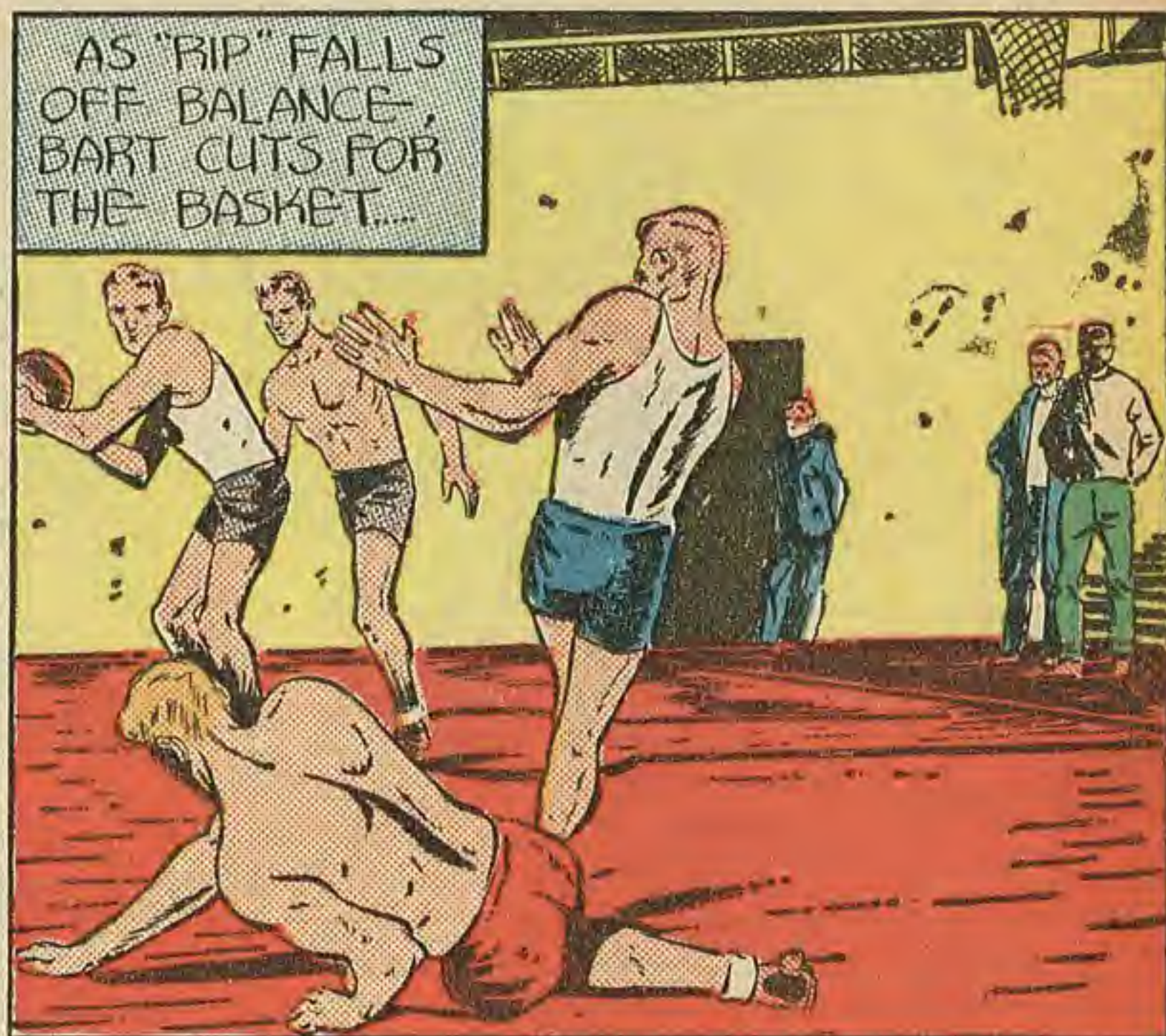


AS IS CUSTOMARY, THE OPPOSING PLAYERS SHAKE HANDS.....

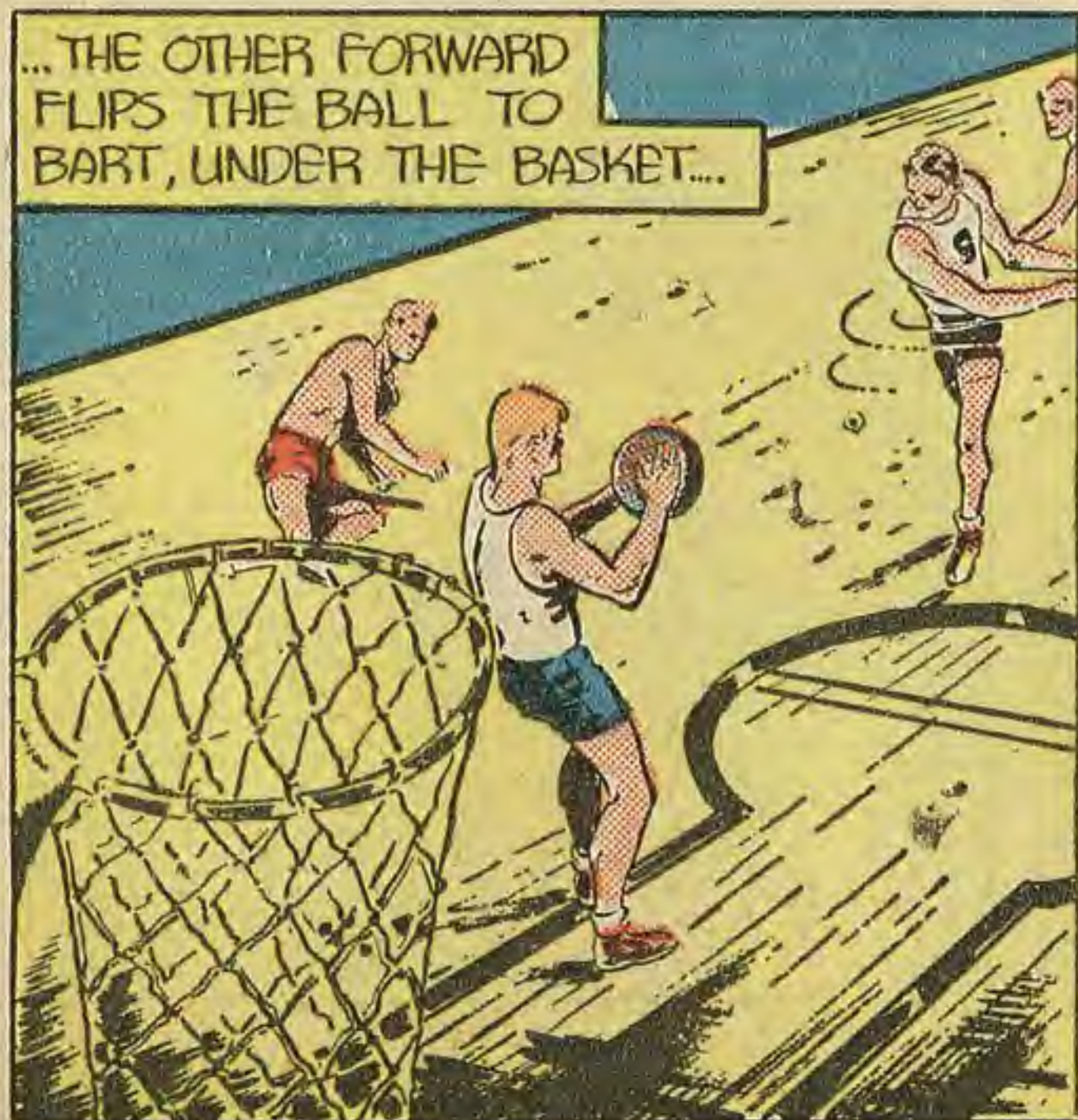
...AS "POP" TOSSES THE BALL UP AT CENTER, BART STILL HOLDING ON TO "RIP'S" HAND GIVES HIM A SUDDEN PULL!



AS "RIP" FALLS OFF BALANCE, BART CUTS FOR THE BASKET...



...THE OTHER FORWARD FLIPS THE BALL TO BART, UNDER THE BASKET...



EXPLANATION OF PLAY.

AS BART CUTS FOR THE BASKET, HIS OTHER FORWARD, (A) COMES IN FOR THE TAP, AND FLIPS THE BALL TO THE UN-GUARDED BART.



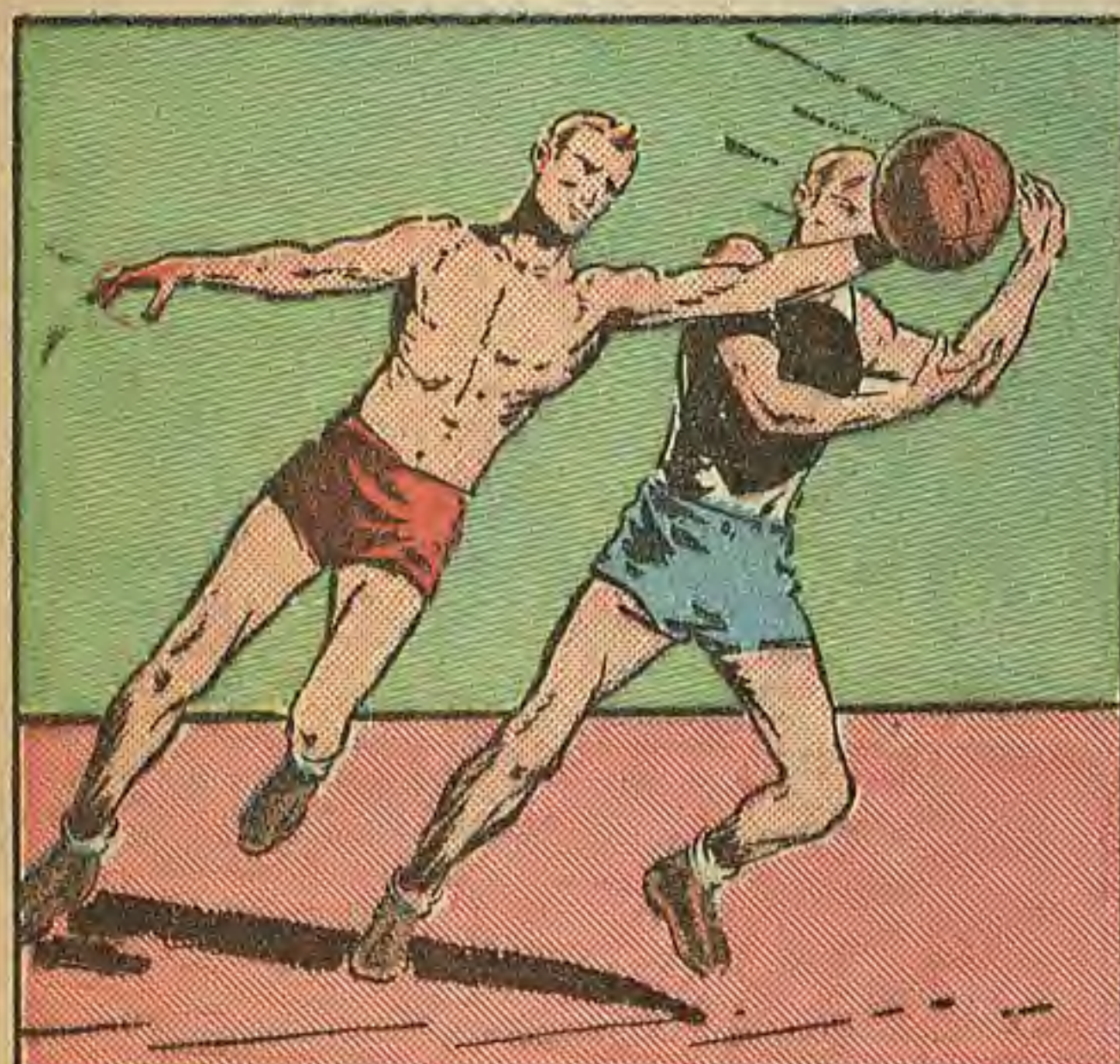
...AND BART SCORES EASILY!!







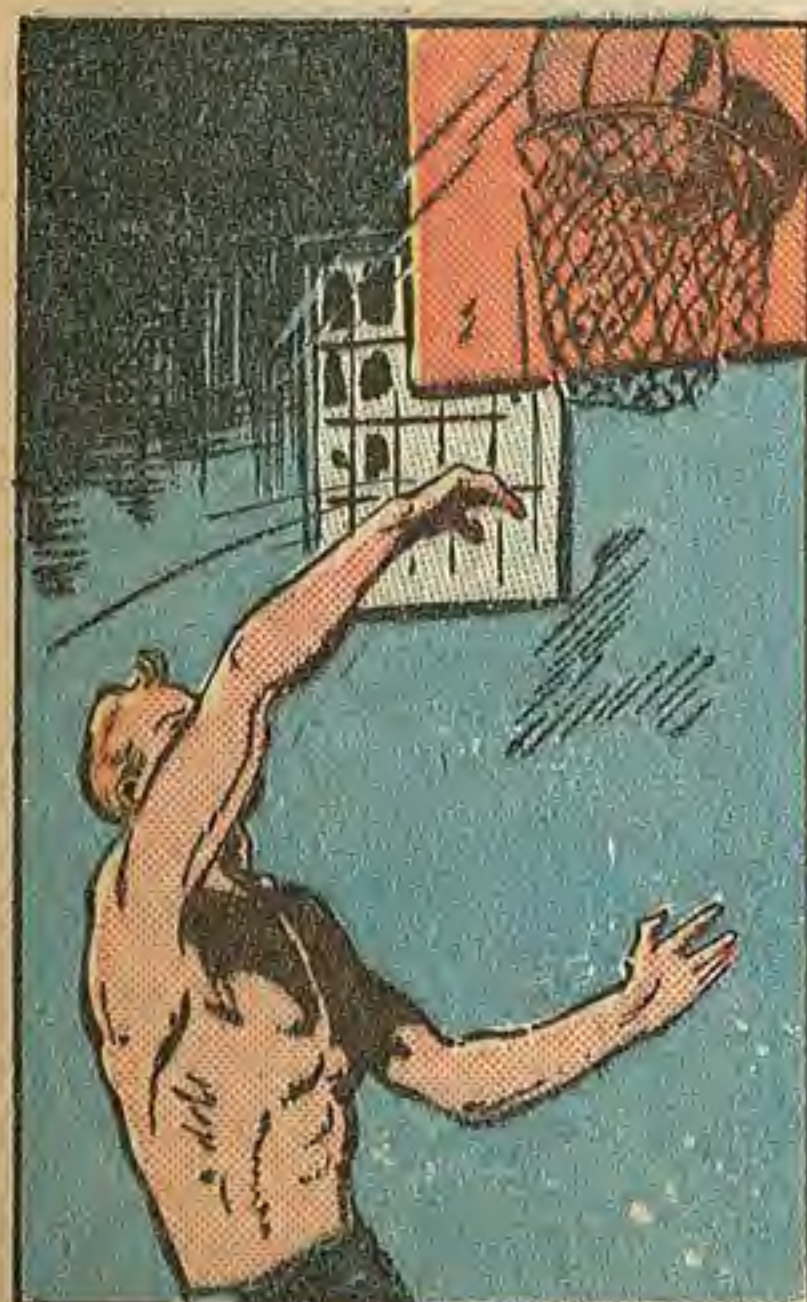
THE BALL IS TOSSED UP AT CENTER AGAIN....



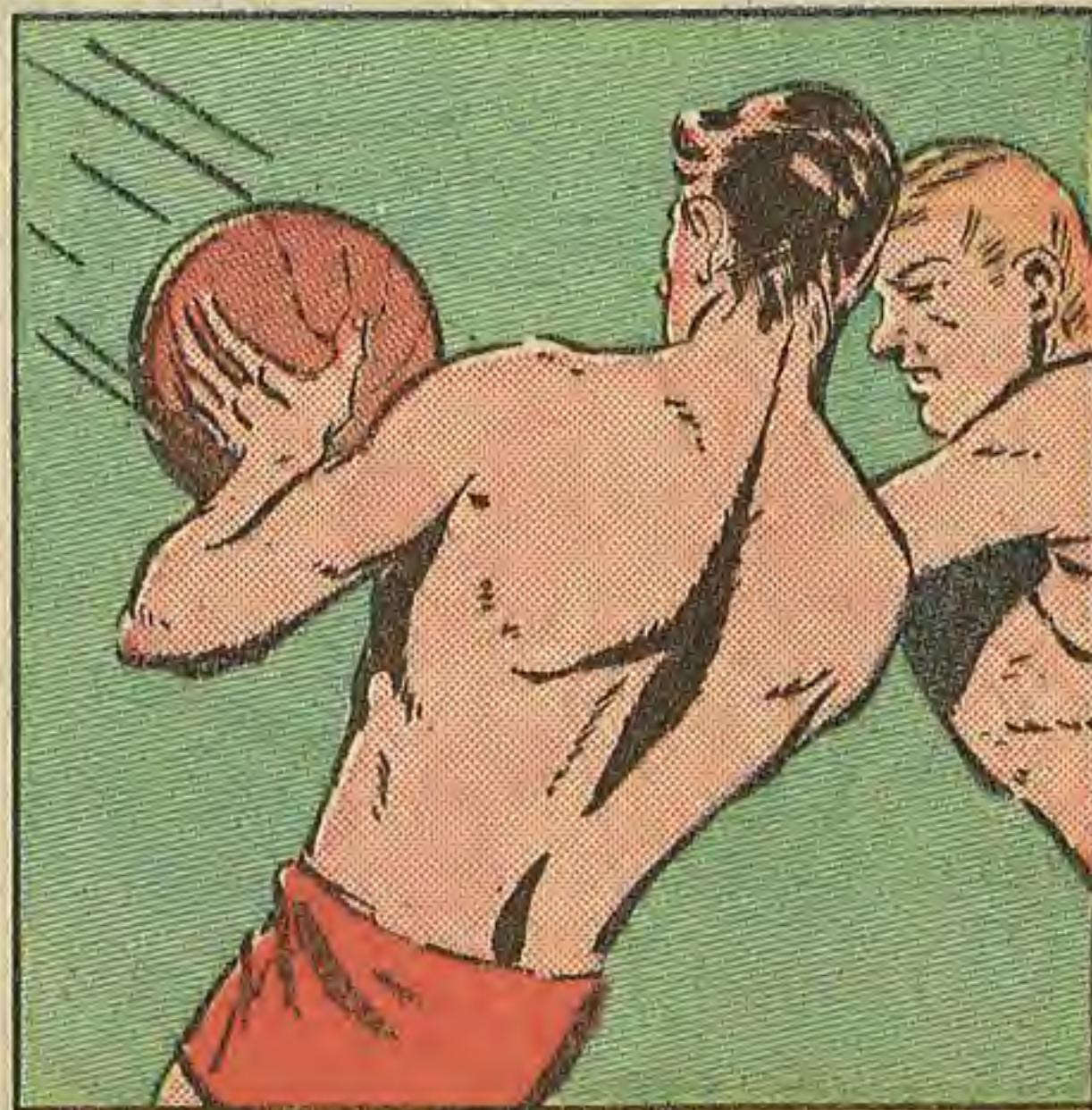
.....RIP CUTS IN AHEAD OF BART AND STEALS THE TAP.....



..... DRIBBLES DOWN THE COURT THROUGH THE OPPOSING PLAYERS...

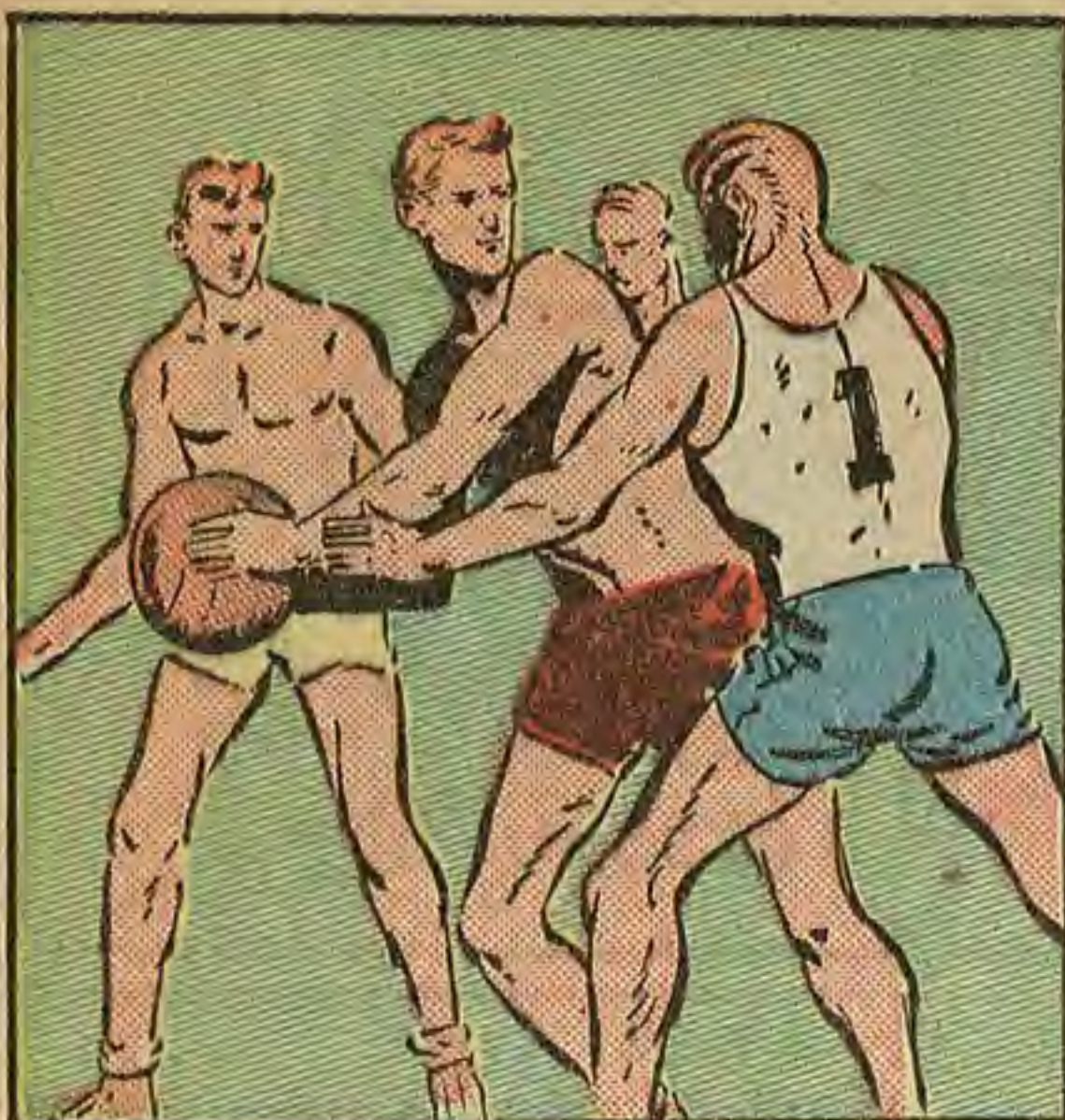


...AND SCORES EASILY!



AT THE NEXT TOSS-UP, RIP'S FORWARD COMES IN AND STEALS THE TAP!

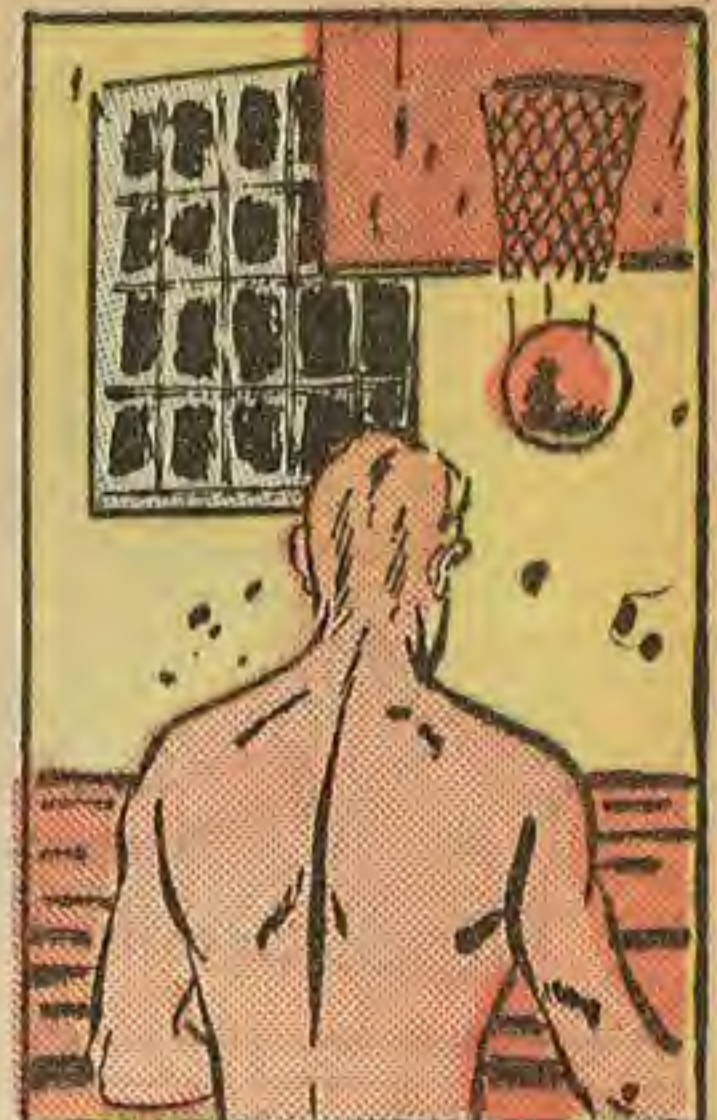




THE FORWARD FLIPS THE BALL TO "RIP," WHO CUTS TOWARDS THE BASKET....



...AND WITH BART HANGING AROUND HIS NECK, "RIP" TOSSES THE BALL OVER HIS HEAD AND INTO THE BASKET.

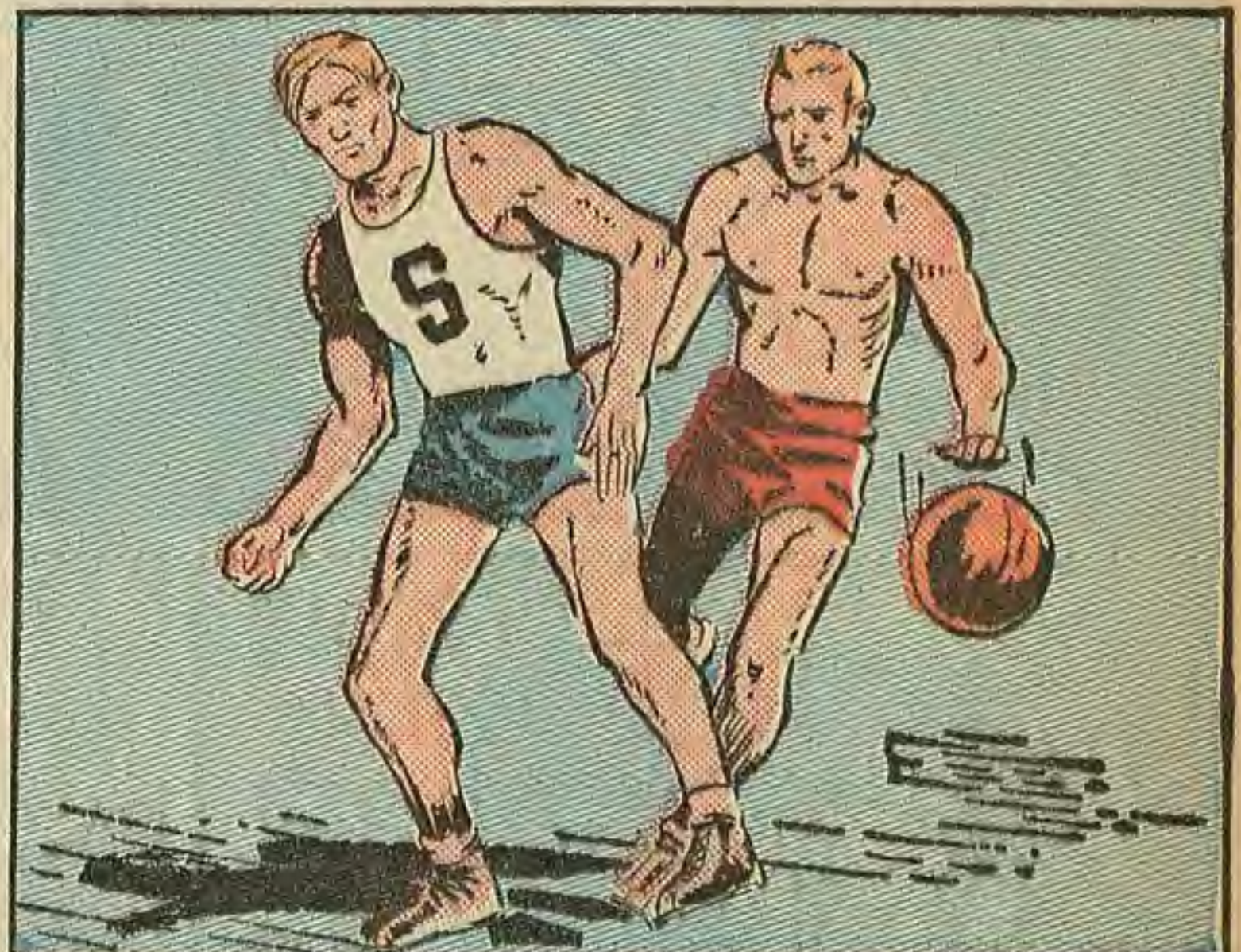


"RIP" IS AWARDED A FREE THROW BECAUSE OF BART'S FOULING TACTICS.



I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON FRESHIE!

BART'S RAGE KNOWS NO BOUNDS. IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO PREVENT "RIP" FROM SCORING, HE OVERGUARDS "RIP," AND "RIP" FINDS NO DIFFICULTY IN ELUDING HIM AND SCORING BASKET AFTER BASKET.



BART, FINDING NO OTHER WAY TO STOP "RIP," ATTEMPTS TO TRIP HIM AS HE DRIBBLES TOWARDS THE BASKET....



.... AND "RIP" GOES SPRAWLING!!



ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN GO TO THE SHOWERS NOW BART!

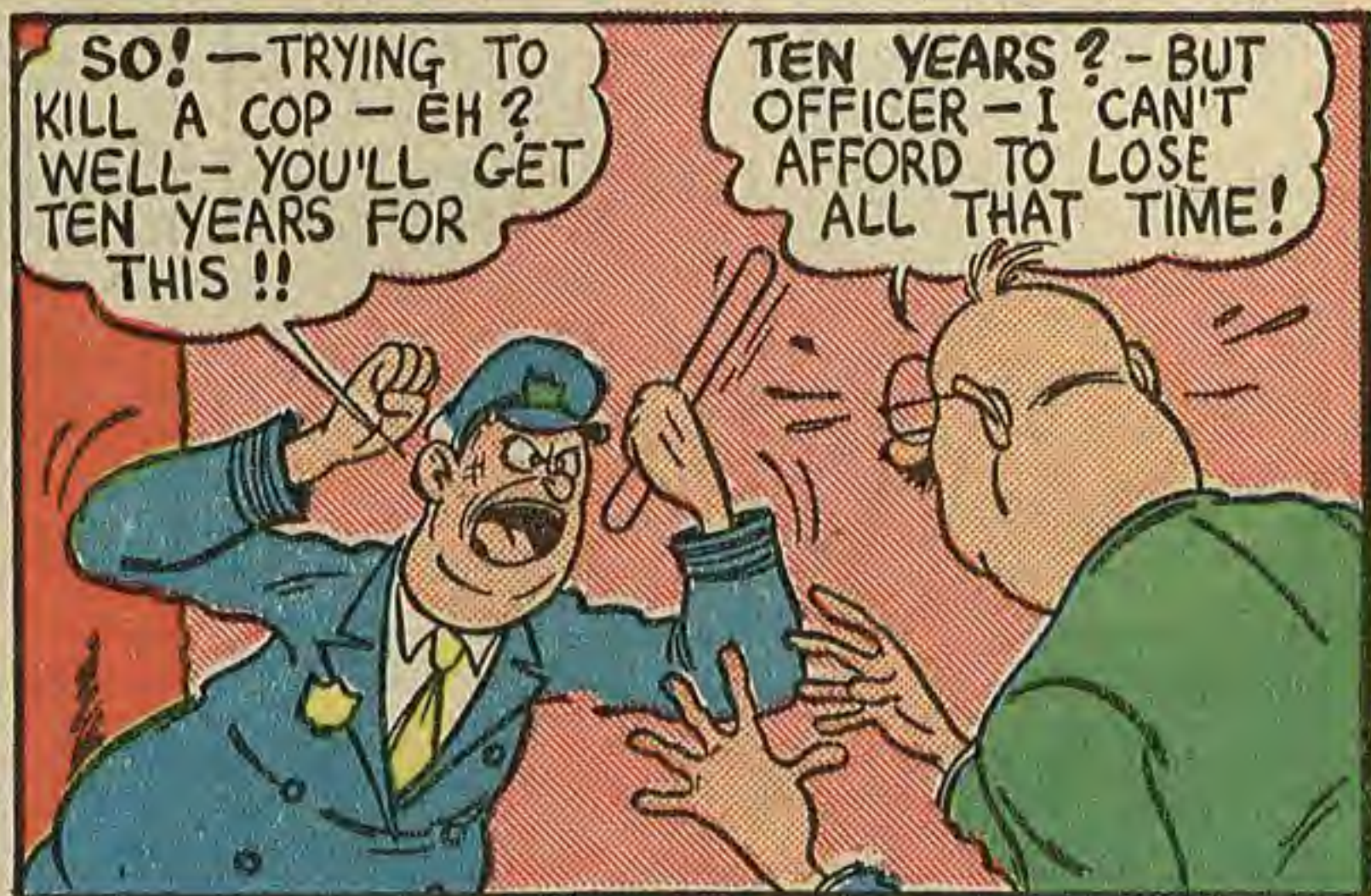
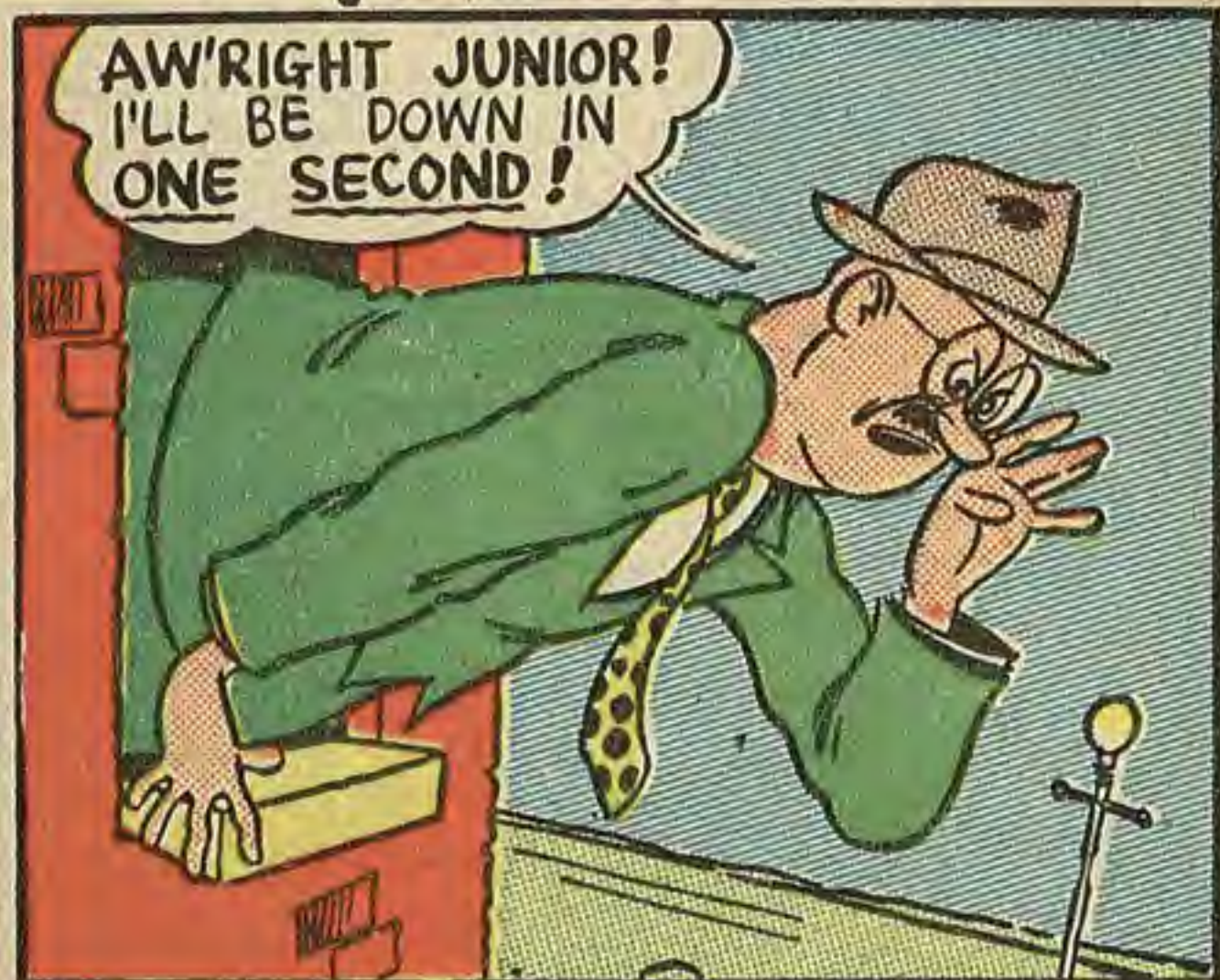
BOYS, NEXT WEEK WE PLAY OUR FIRST GAME AGAINST WILLOUGHBY. THE LINE-UP WILL BE POSTED ON THE BULLETIN BOARD. I WANT YOU ALL TO GET PLENTY OF REST. O.K., YOU CAN TAKE YOUR SHOWERS NOW.

WATCH NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR STATE COLLEGE'S FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON AGAINST WILLOUGHBY COLLEGE.

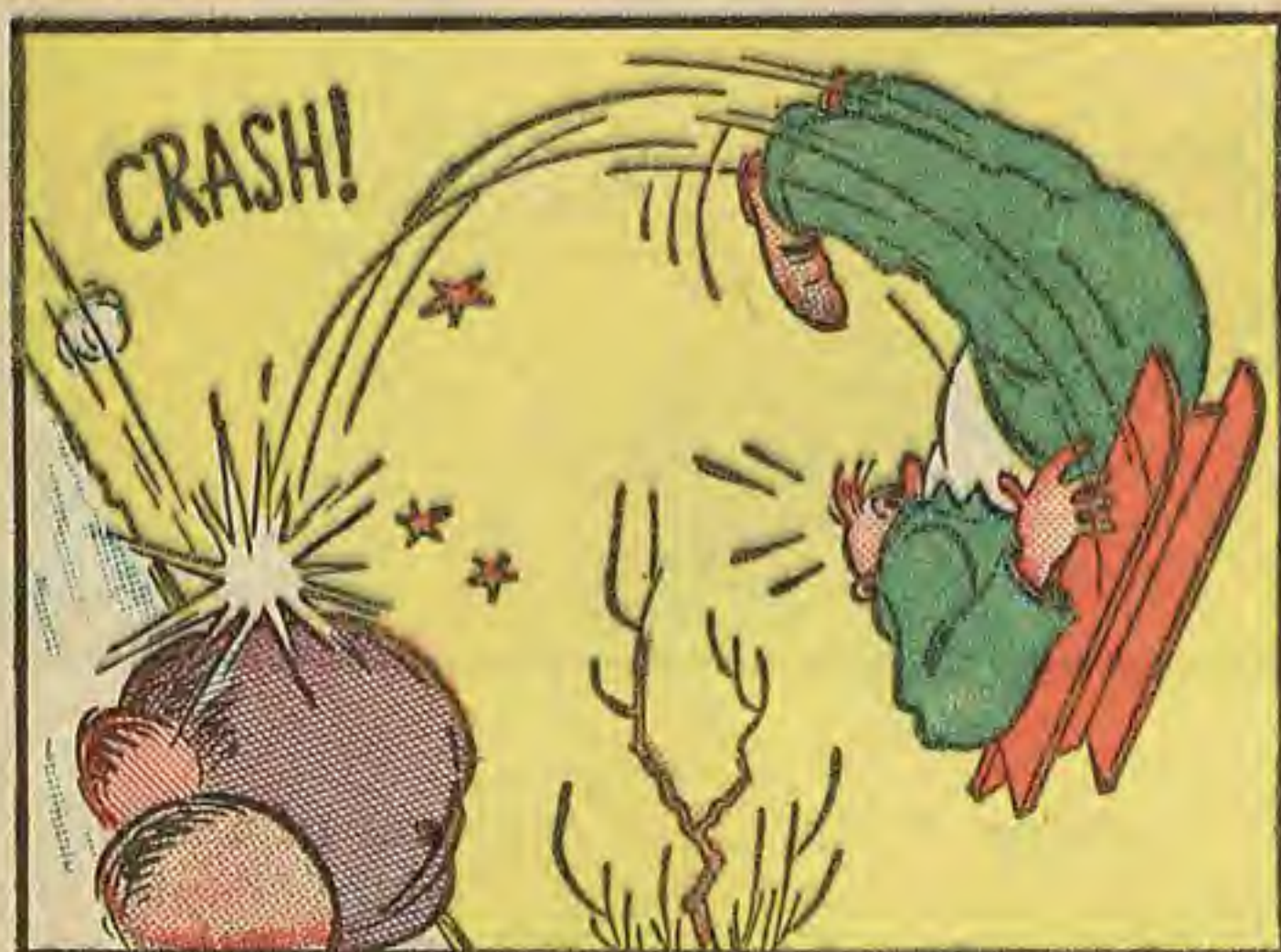
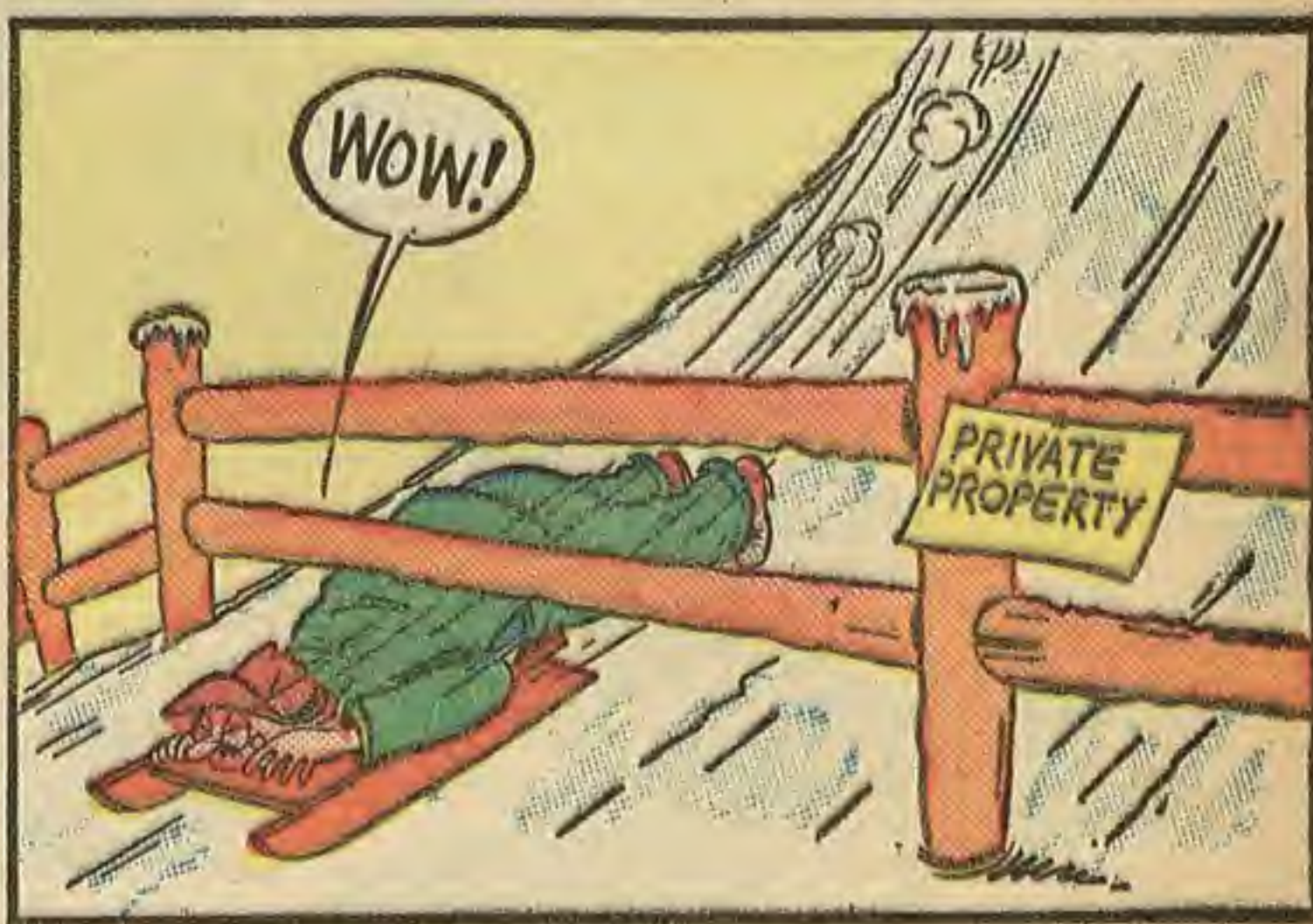
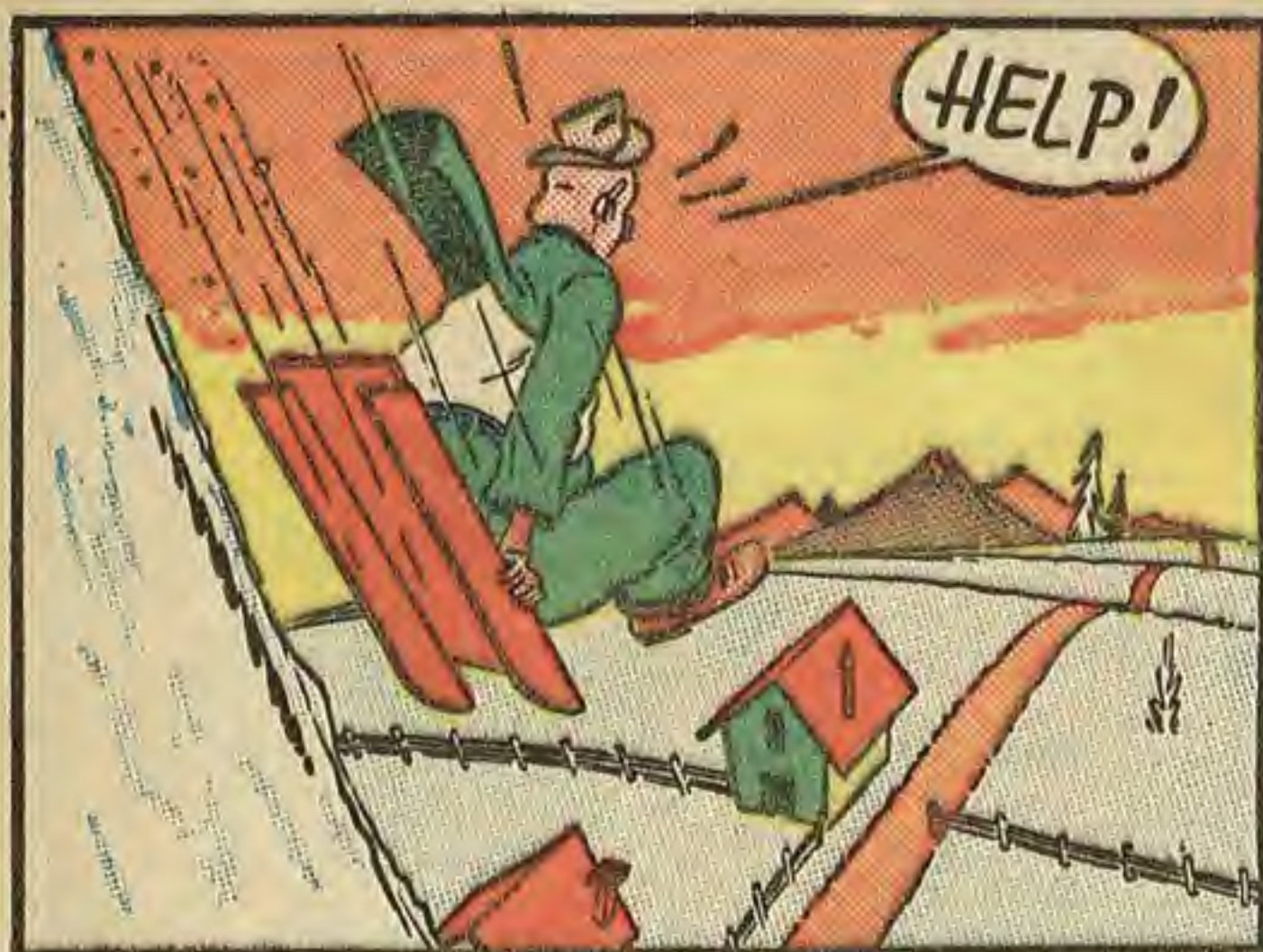
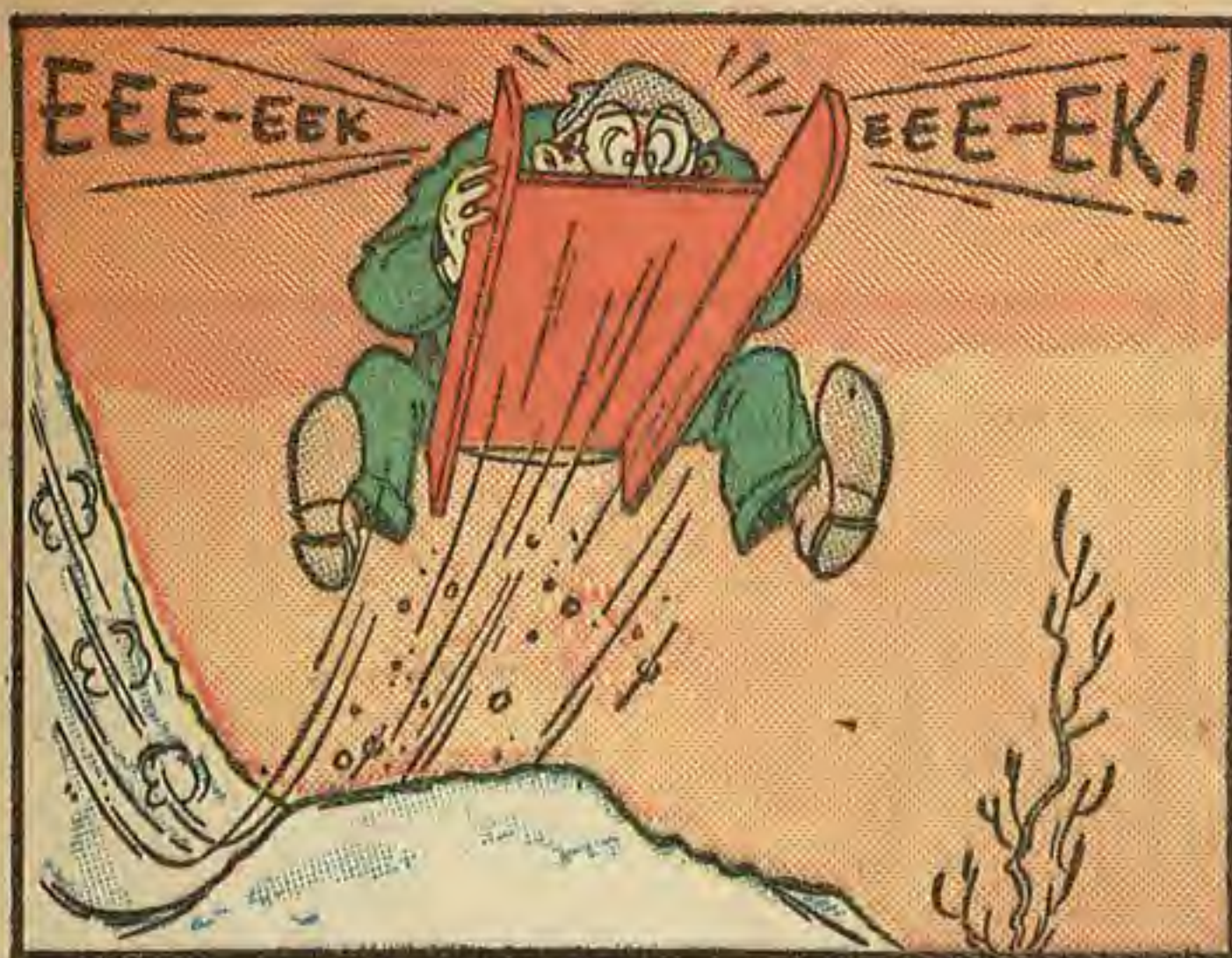


# The Japp Family

by SCHWAB.









# Ninety Seconds For No. 91 —



Engineer Johnny Allen, of the BR & E knew he'd be fired if he broke a rule — even if it meant saving someone's life — so Johnny did some fast work!

A Fast-Moving Modern Railroad Short Story  
By Jason Sanborn

**T**RAINMASTER HOGAN banged on his desk and barked: "I'm through talking, Allen! The next time you break a rule, you're fired! Now, get out and go to work."

Johnny Allen, crack engineer of the BR & E, stormed down to the yards, boiling mad, and got aboard his engine. True, he had hit seventy on a stretch of track limited by regulations to sixty, but he was trying to make up time lost by a hot-box.

He had thought he was doing right. He had pulled in on time, but brought Hogan's wrath upon his head. Other trainmasters would have overlooked it, but Hogan was short-tempered and bitter. He had a pretty daughter of whom he was so fond, away at school. It was known that he had not been able to see the girl for a long time, and it had soured him.

Thinking about this, Johnny backed his train into the terminal and watched passengers and baggage going aboard until, at 10:32,



Conductor Dick Wright, left alone on the platform, put his watch away and dropped his upraised hand.

"Board!" he cried, and swung to the steps.

Johnny released his brakes, adjusted the Johnson bar, and fed the big Pacific locomotive steam. The exhaust crashed and echoed in the terminal shed; eleven Pullmans rolled out into the yards and onto the main line, the engine climbing into her stride. BR & E Train No. 91, "The Plainsman," was off on her two-hundred mile run to Hamilton City.

**P**OUNDING drivers and thundering exhaust put miles behind, and Johnny, feeling better, reviewed his orders. The single-track right of way was his clear to Hamilton City, except at Millersburg, where they took siding at 1:16 to let No. 13 pass. This was the hotshot freight racing eastward from Pacific Coast ports with a load of raw silk, with rights over everything on the line. During the thirty-minute wait "The Plainsman" would take on water and passengers from the Wheatvale branch local. With No. 13 cleared, they would head out onto the main again and never stop rolling for the ninety miles to Hamilton City. Hogan would have no cause for complaint.

So Johnny thought until Dick Wright came scrambling over the tender, grabbed for support in the rocking cab, and shouted:

"Trouble on board, Johnny!"

"What's up?"

Wright gestured behind. "Sick girl back there," he gasped. "We found a doctor; says she's got to get to a hospital fast, or he won't give much for her chances!"

Johnny stared. "There isn't any hospital this side of Hamilton City!" he cried above the roar of the racing engine.

Wright nodded. "So I told him. He thinks she can hold out till then if we roll right through."

"What about the stop at Millersburg?"

Wright snapped: "There's another siding at Williamsville, beyond Millersburg. Can't you skip Millersburg and make it there before Thirteen does? It'll save almost half an hour; it may be the difference between life and death for this girl!"

Hastily Johnny calculated. Wide open, they could make the far siding with some five minutes margin. Too close for comfort, but . . .

"How's the water?" he yelled across the cab.

The fireman grinned. "We could make it with a tea-cupful to spare. Well, say a thimbleful."

**J**OHNNY grinned back and settled his cap. It meant missing the Wheatvale connection, and perhaps burning up a valuable engine; it meant taking a chance that No. 13 wouldn't be early and smack them on a curve. It meant Hogan's anger again; Hogan would claim he should have left the girl at Millersburg in the care of some country horse-doctor. It meant . . . phew! It meant his job!

"Well, I guess I can get odd jobs cutting grass," he muttered.

"What?" asked the fireman.

"I said, keep that fire hot!" yelled Johnny, and he opened the throttle wide.

**T**HE less said about that wild ride, the better. The startled passengers waiting at Millersburg saw "The Plainsman" roar through town without even slowing down. She made the Williamsville siding with a minute and a half to spare before the silk train crashed by, its crew pop-eyed with surprise.

She screeched to a smoking stop at Hamilton City, and Johnny saw them carry the sick girl away, still alive, attended by the doctor and a big, well-dressed man who seemed somehow familiar. But Johnny forgot them, for now he had to think of facing Hogan tomorrow.

**I**T took Hogan just one minute to fire Johnny, and the ex-engineer was about to creep away when the door flew open, and the well-dressed man strode in. Johnny now recognized him as T. C. Preston, president of the BR & E. Hogan began to bow and scrape.

"Don't go, Allen," boomed the president. "Hogan, I heard you shouting just now. I happened to be on that train when your daughter was taken ill. She's safe now, thanks to this man's courage, and she's asking for you. If I were you, I wouldn't fire him just yet. I'd have him take me on a special to Hamilton City."

"What? My daughter, Peggy? . . . Get the fastest engine in the round-house, Allen!" barked Hogan. "With your permission, Mr. Preston, this is one time we'll break every rule in the book! We'll burn this railroad up!"





CALLING 2-R

CALLING 2-R

CALLING 2-R

CAPTAIN, THE TELEVISOR SHOWS THERE IS TROUBLE RIDING THIS WAY FAST! ONE OF OUR RANGERS IS TRAILING IT! JUDGING FROM THE POSITION OF HIS ARM, HE IS CALLING US ON HIS HEADSET IT'S VX-1; I'M SURE! ANSWER HIM!!

RANGE RIDERS  
OF TODAY'S FRONTIER

CALLING-2-R-CALLING-2-R! CAPTAIN THIS IS VX-1! AM TRAILING SUSPICIOUS CAR GOING TOWARD BOY STATE! WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS? ANSWER, PLEASE!

DRUSELLA, IN THAT TOWN AHEAD, ARE SECRET INVENTIONS AND FORMULAS I MEAN TO OBTAIN-AND WHEN I GET THEM, I WILL CONQUER AND RULE THE WORLD! I'LL BE THE BIGGEST OF ALL BIG SHOTS!

CAPTAIN ANSWERING VX-1! BE CAREFUL! WE WILL LAY DOWN THE FORCE WALL! IT WILL STOP THEM-FIND OUT THEIR BUSINESS IN BOY STATE-AND REMEMBER, A RANGE RIDER IS ALWAYS COURTEOUS

CAN I BE OF SERVICE TO YOU?

YES YOU CAN, IF YOU CAN TELL US WHY OUR CAR STOPPED RUNNING ALL OF A SUDDEN!



YOUR CAR STOPPED BECAUSE YOU ARE AT THE EDGE OF THE COSMO FORCE WALL THAT SURROUNDS BOY STATE! IF YOU HAD TRIED TO GO ON, THE RAYS WOULD HAVE KNOCKED YOU DOWN! DON'T TRY IT!



COSMO FORCE WALL, BAH! THAT'S GOING TOO FAR! AND HE SAYS EVEN A FOURTEEN INCH SHELL COULDN'T PENETRATE IT- BAH! I'LL SHOW HIM!



OW-OO-EE **HELP!**  
WHAT HIT ME???



YOU WERE WARNED, MISTER! NOW, MAY I ASK WHOM YOU WISH TO SEE AND WHAT YOUR BUSINESS IS IN BOYVILLE? THIS IS NOT VISITOR'S DAY!

ER-AH-WE-



WHY, BIG BOY, OUR BUSINESS IS VERY SIMPLE. WE KNOW A BOY-AH-A POOR ORPHAN-HOMELESS-AND WE-AH-WANT TO FIND A HOME FOR HIM BEFORE HE GETS INTO TROUBLE. AND-AH-



CALLING 2-R! VX-I  
CALLING 2-R---  
THEY WANT TO  
SEE BOY STATE-  
O.K.?

GOOD WORK,  
DRUSELLA!



CAPTAIN ANSWERING VX-I! FORCE WALL BEING RAISED-ESCORT THEM AROUND! SHOW THEM ANYTHING THEY WANT TO SEE-A RANGER IS CAUTIOUS!



I'VE JUST RECEIVED WORD TO MAKE YOU WELCOME AND SHOW YOU AROUND. IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR PART YOU WISH TO SEE?

YES! YOUR HOMES AND AIRPLANES AND WHERE THEY'RE MADE!

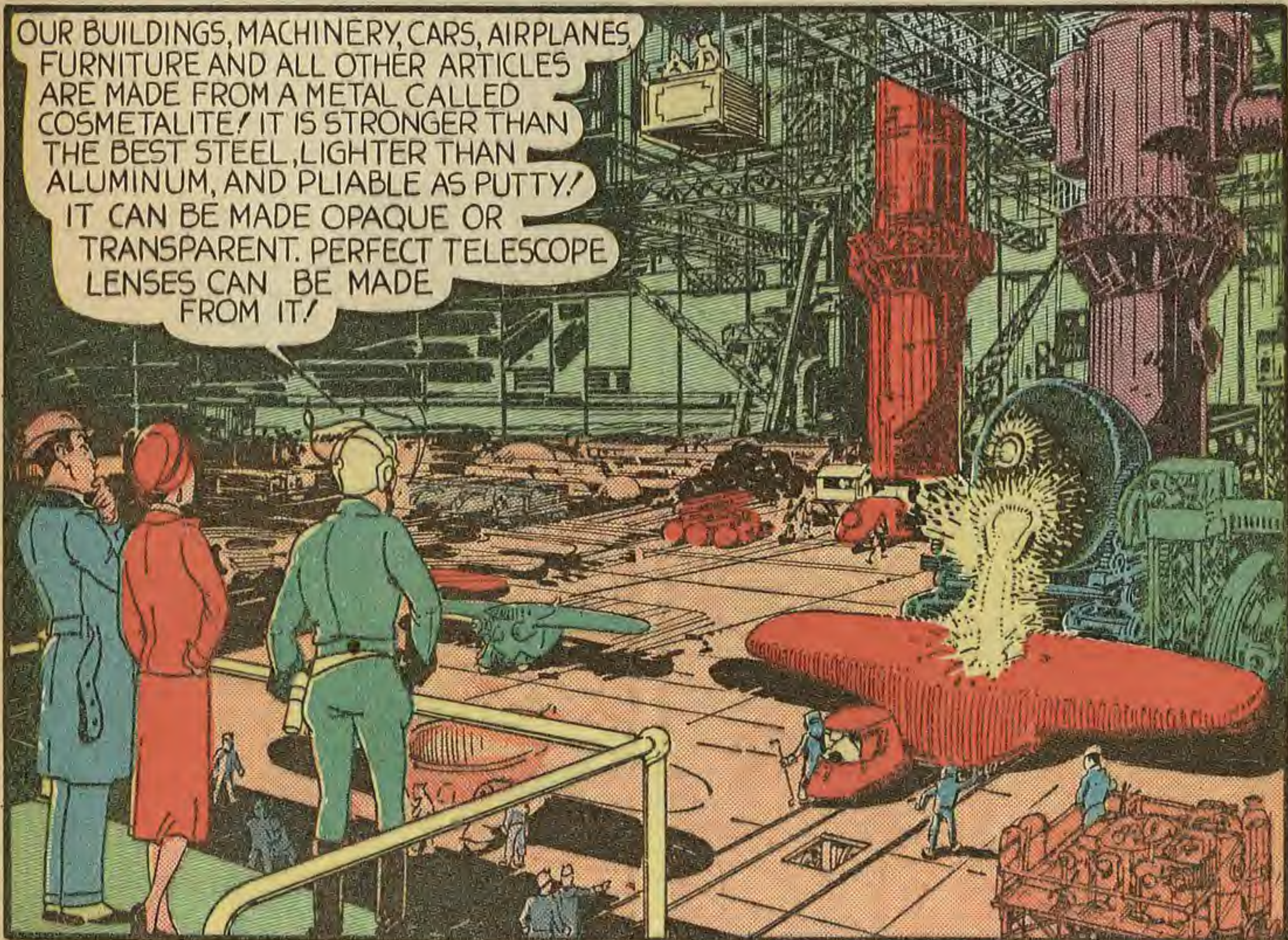




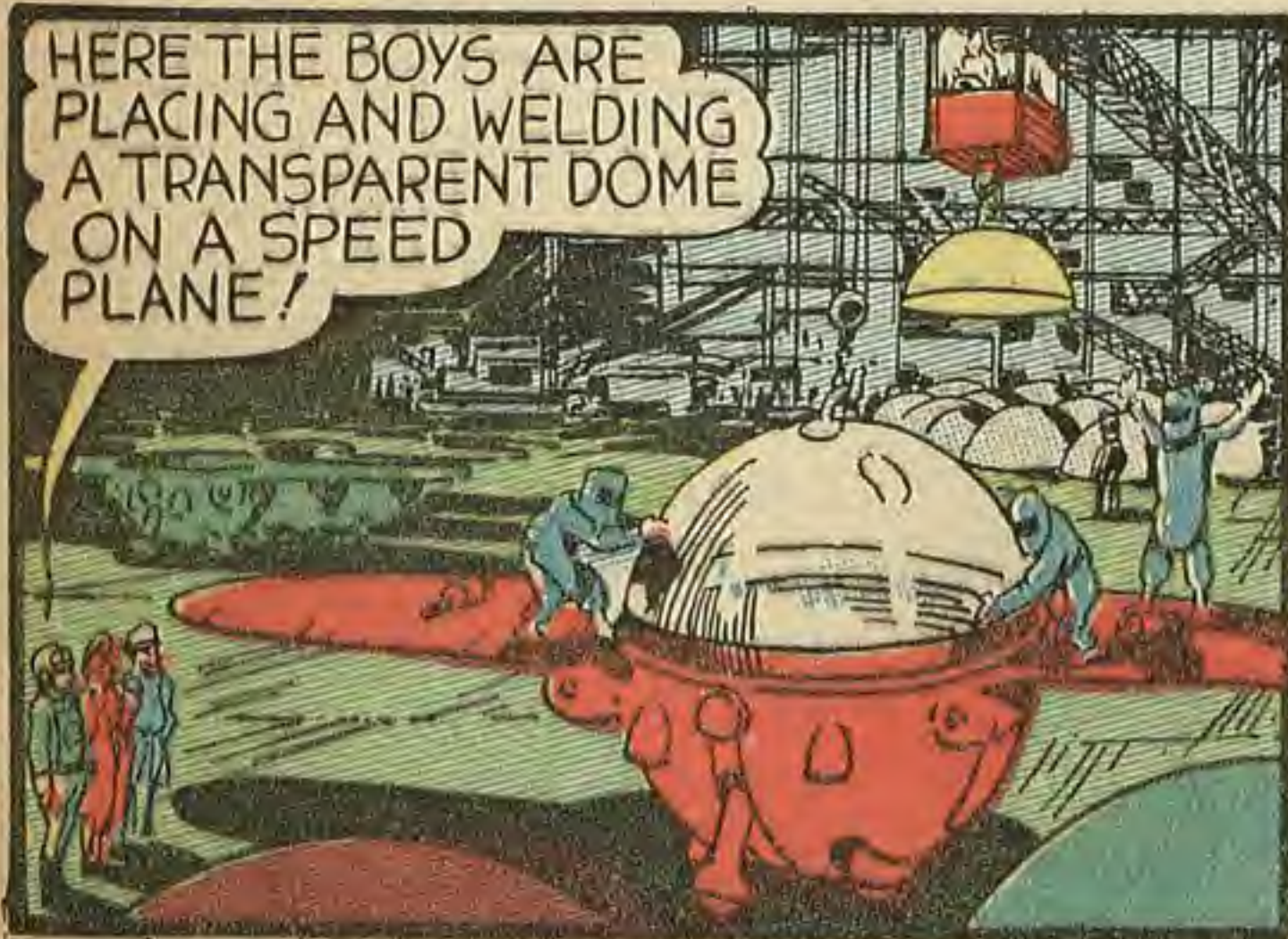
THIS IS OUR BARRACKS. BENEATH THAT GLASS DOME  
WE RETIRE TO READ AND REST. AN HOUR OF  
BATHING IN THERE IN COSMIC AIR AND LIGHT,  
MAKES A NEW PERSON OF ONE! IT IS  
HEALING, REFRESHING AND  
INVIGORATING!



OUR BUILDINGS, MACHINERY, CARS, AIRPLANES,  
FURNITURE AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES  
ARE MADE FROM A METAL CALLED  
COSMETALITE! IT IS STRONGER THAN  
THE BEST STEEL, LIGHTER THAN  
ALUMINUM, AND PLIABLE AS PUTTY!  
IT CAN BE MADE OPAQUE OR  
TRANSPARENT. PERFECT TELESCOPE  
LENSES CAN BE MADE  
FROM IT!



HERE THE BOYS ARE  
PLACING AND WELDING  
A TRANSPARENT DOME  
ON A SPEED  
PLANE!



THE MACHINERY, ALL VERY SIMPLE, IS  
BEING ASSEMBLED. IN AN HOUR'S TIME  
THIS PLANE WILL BE READY TO FLY  
AT A SPEED OF ONE THOUSAND  
MILES PER HOUR!











ALL THIS IS MARVELOUS, WONDERFUL! IT WOULD BE TOO BAD IF IT SHOULD FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS! AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF FOREIGN AGENTS OR-EH- RACKETEERS GETTING HOLD OF YOUR SECRETS!

WE ARE NOT AFRAID. NO ONE CAN GET THROUGH OUR FORCE WALL, AND OUR BOYS CAN NOT BE BRIBED!



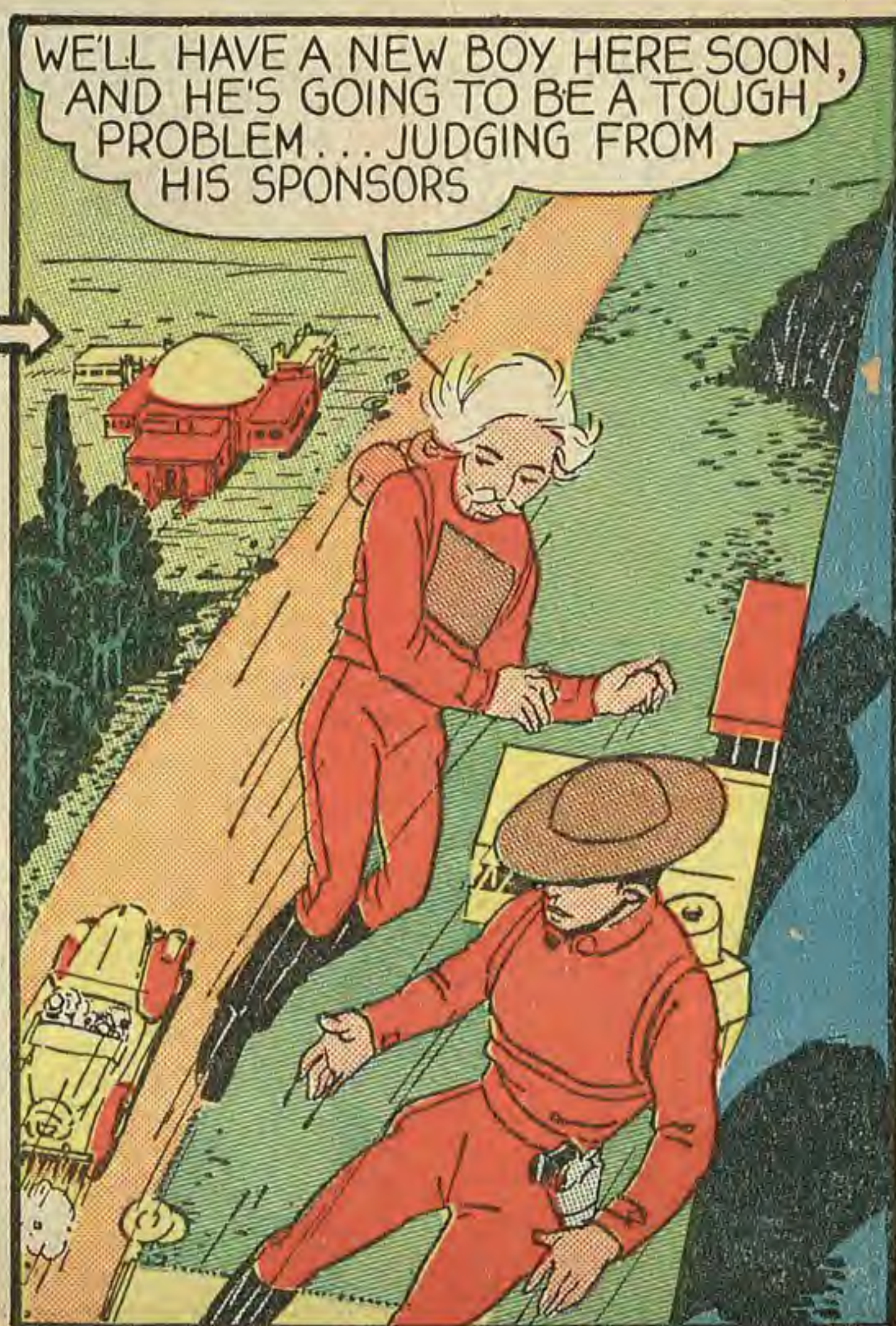
MY HUSBAND WISHES TO HELP AN ORPHAN BOY, BY PLACING HIM IN YOUR CARE. MY HUSBAND IS SO KIND HEARTED, HE IS ALWAYS HELPING UNFORTUNATE BOYS!



MADAM, YOUR HUSBAND MAY BRING HIS YOUNG FRIEND AT ANYTIME! THE BOY MAY STAY AS LONG AS HE LIKES! THERE ARE NO COMPULSORY METHODS USED HERE. NOW I MUST SAY GOOD BYE AND GET BACK TO MY DUTIES!



ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK! I REALLY FEEL SORRY FOR THOSE TWO, THEY ARE ACCUMULATING QUITE A DEBT TO PAY FOR THEIR WRONG DOING AND THINKING!



WE'LL HAVE A NEW BOY HERE SOON, AND HE'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH PROBLEM... JUDGING FROM HIS SPONSORS



HA-HA! YOU MY WIFE! THAT'S GOOD! BUT YOU DID HAVE A BRILLIANT IDEA ABOUT PLACING A "PLANT" IN THERE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET ANY INFORMATION. I KNOW JUST THE BOY FOR THE JOB!



I CAN SEE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO GET IN TO STEAL THEIR FORMULAS AND PLANS-EXCEPT A PLANT, AND OUR DEAR LITTLE BOY FRIEND IS GOING TO BE THAT PLANT! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY! HA-HA-HA!



GET YOUR MITT OFF THAT GAT AND OUTTA YOUR POCKET, OR I'LL BLAST YOU DOWN! YOU KNOW, PRETTY KID, I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON YOU TO SEND YOU TO THE BIG HOUSE!



AH-HERE COMES OUR LITTLE HERO NOW! DON'T LET THAT BABY-FACE OF HIS FOOL YOU! HE'S PLENTY TOUGH!



LISTEN CLOSE, PUNK! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU. FOLLOW MY INSTRUCTIONS AND YOU'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE SOME DAY.



AW NERTS! WHAT ELSE CAN I DO? LEAD ON!

YOU'RE GOING TO BE A SISSY, EH? GO TO SCHOOL AND LEARN. HA-HA! YES SIR-LEARN-LEARN WHAT I TELL YOU TO. NO MORE DRINKING, SMOKING OR WHITE LIGHTS. JUST A NICE LITTLE SCHOOL BOY. NOW GET OUT OF THOSE FANCY CLOTHES!



NIX ON DE SISSY SCHOOL STUFF-I LIKE ME GREAT WHITE LIGHTS AND ALL DAT GOES WITH IT, SEE!



OH, YEH?

WELL, PUNK, DO WE TALK BUSINESS, OR DO I TURN YOU IN FOR THE BULLS TO WORK ON? C'MON TALK!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! LET GO OF ME, I'LL DO IT!



NOW, HERE'S YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. SEE TO IT THAT YOU FOLLOW THEM! I WANT YOU TO LEARN HOW THEY MAKE AND FLY THEIR PLANES AND POWER THEIR CARS. FIND OUT HOW THE FORCE WALL WORKS! FIND AND STEAL ALL PLANS AND FORMULAS! TO DO THIS YOU MUST BE ONE OF THE BOYS-GET IT?



DRUSELLA, YOU STAY IN THE CAR AND I'LL TAKE OUR DEAR YOUNG FRIEND TO MEET THE SKIPPER. AND YOU, PUNK, KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED! NOT A WORD! YOU'RE JUST AN ASTONISHED GOODY-GOODY BOY, COME!



MR. SKIPPER, HERE IS THE YOUNG MAN I WISH TO PLACE IN YOUR CARE. I'M SURE HE HAS GOOD STUFF AND WILL GO FAR WON'T YOU, SON? *SPEAK UP PUNK!*



GOOD MORNING, YOUNG FELLOW. WELCOME TO BOY STATE. THE CAPTAIN WILL CALL A RANGER AND SHOW YOU YOUR QUARTERS!



CALLING XY-I! REPORT TO THE SKIPPER!



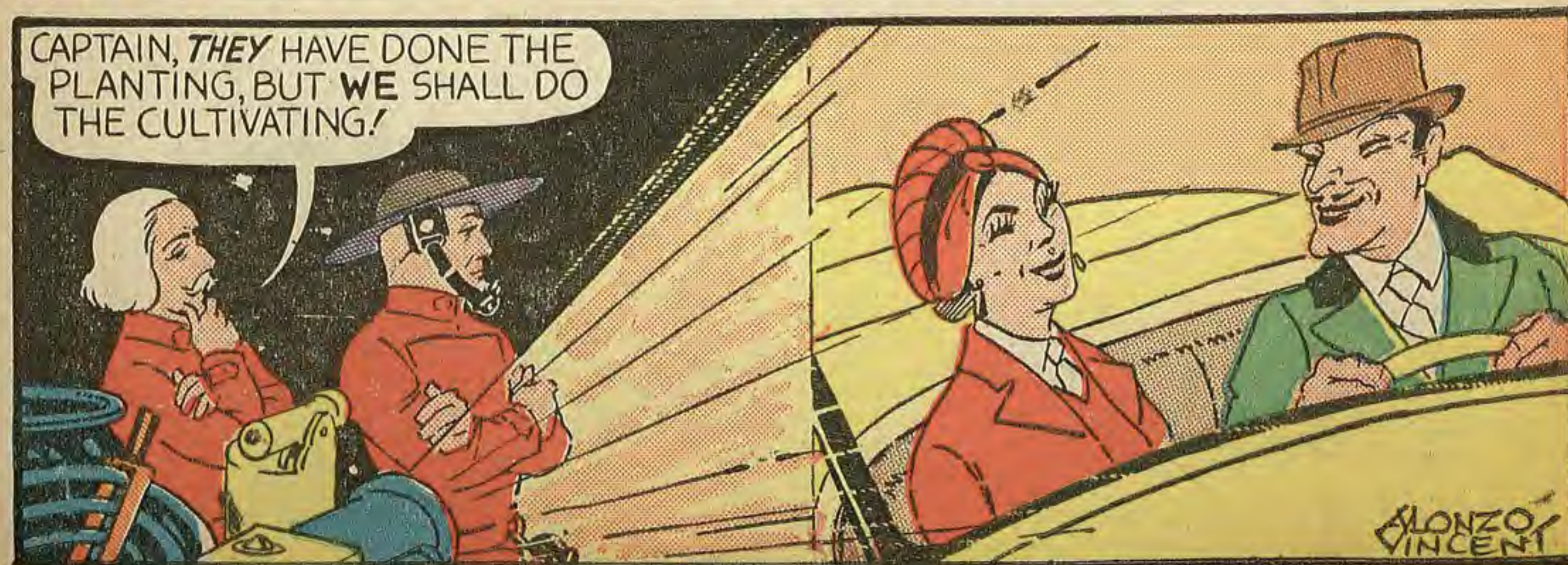
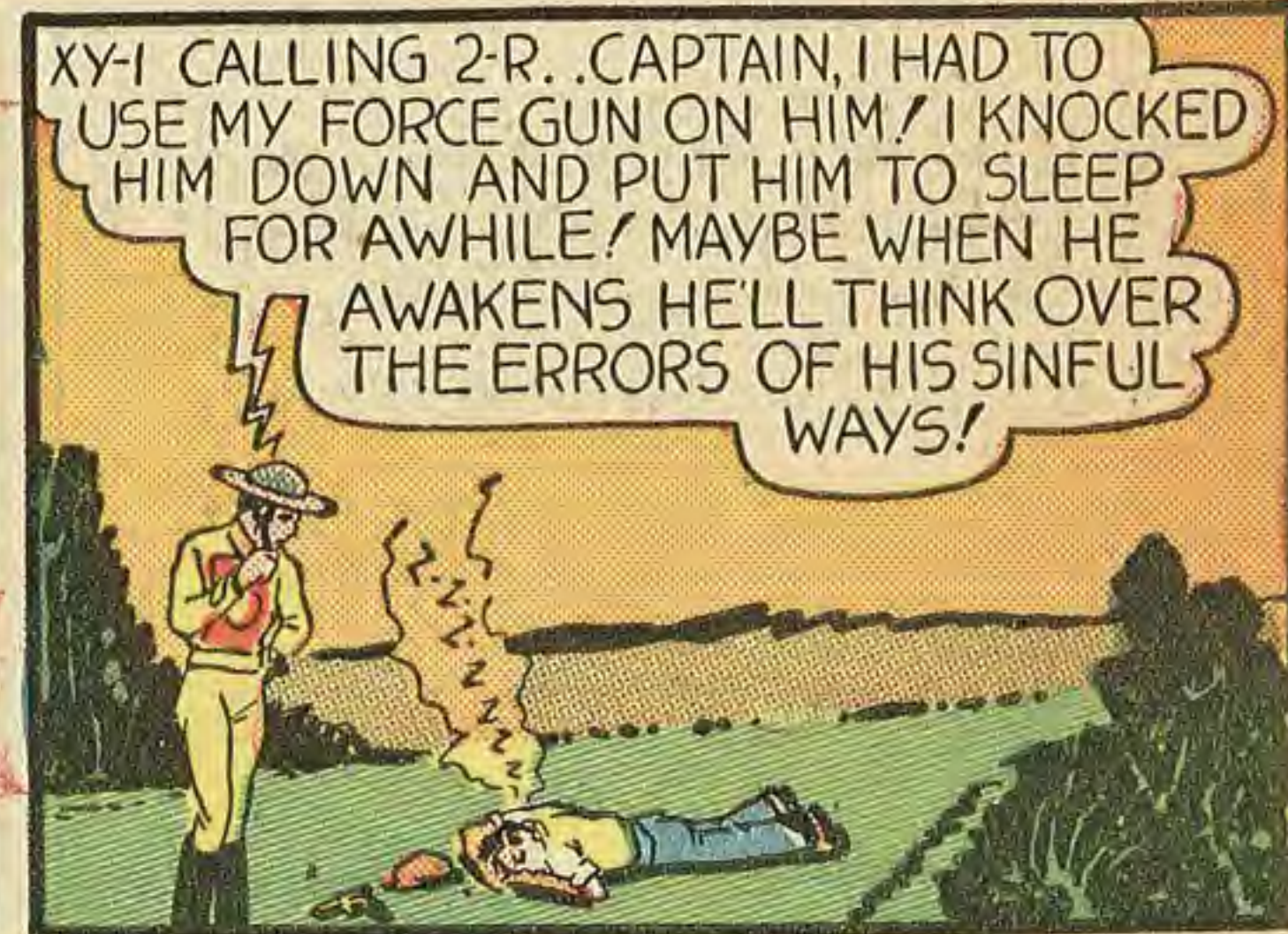
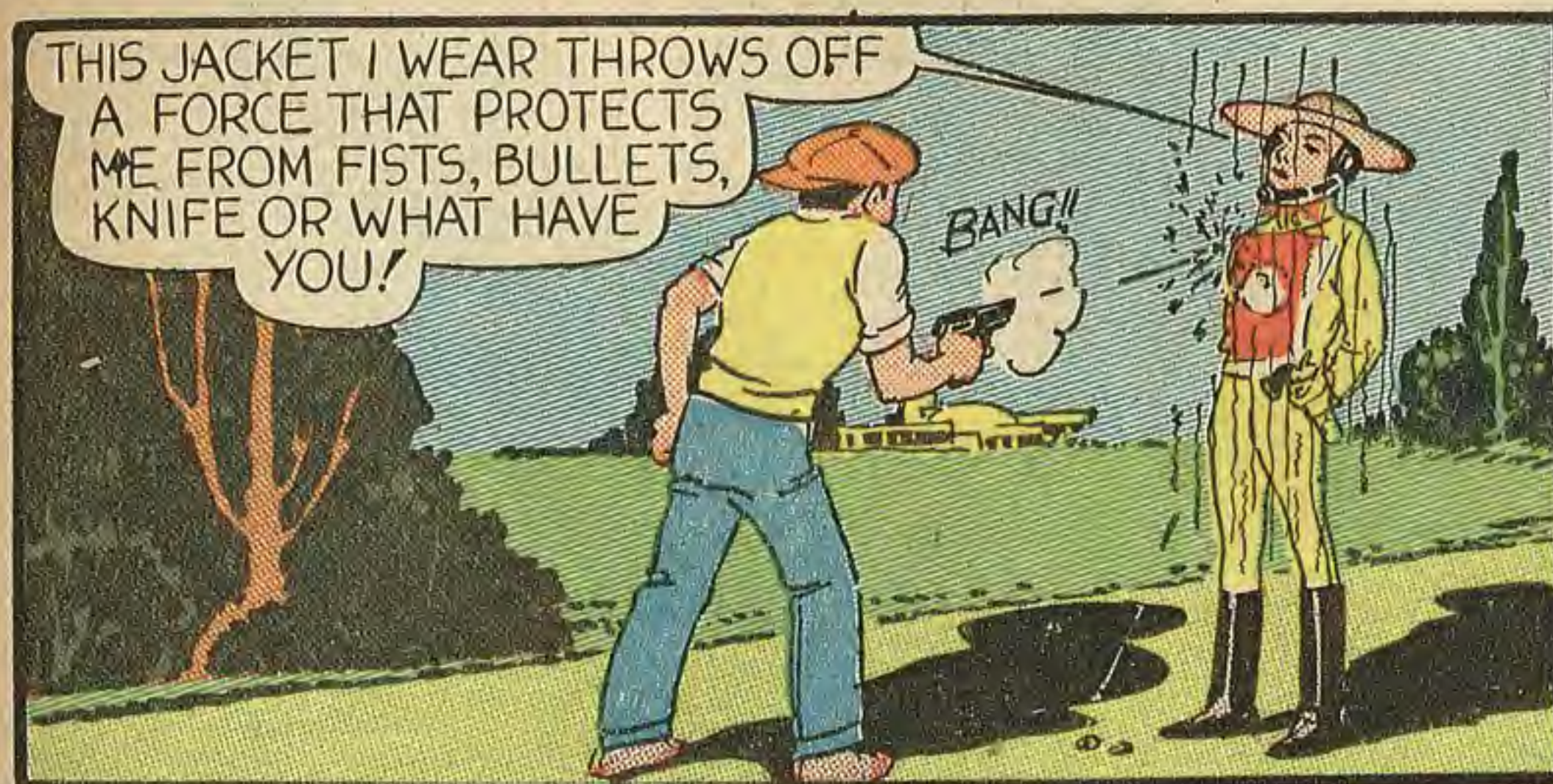
XY-I, YOU WILL TAKE OUR NEW FRIEND TO BARRACK C. PUT HIM UNDER THE CARE OF SPECK. TELL SPECK TO HELP HIM COLLECT HIS OUTFIT!



XY-I, CAPTAIN CALLING-BE ON YOUR GUARD. TURN ON YOUR JACKET RAY. YOUR COMPANION IS NOT TO BE TRUSTED-YET!







ALONZO VINCENT





*Now Showing*  
**ORSON BLACK**

Portraying the Brilliant Role of Hugo, the Hideous

*in*  
**DEVIL'S DUST**

*with*  
**BRUCE BRIAN**

As The Daring American War Correspondent

*I*N the outskirts of a little town in France lives one of the most hated men in existence . . .  
 Despised and shunned by his fellow humans not because of any crime he may have committed . . . but solely because of his exceedingly repulsive and hateful appearance . . .

— Played by **ORSON BLACK**

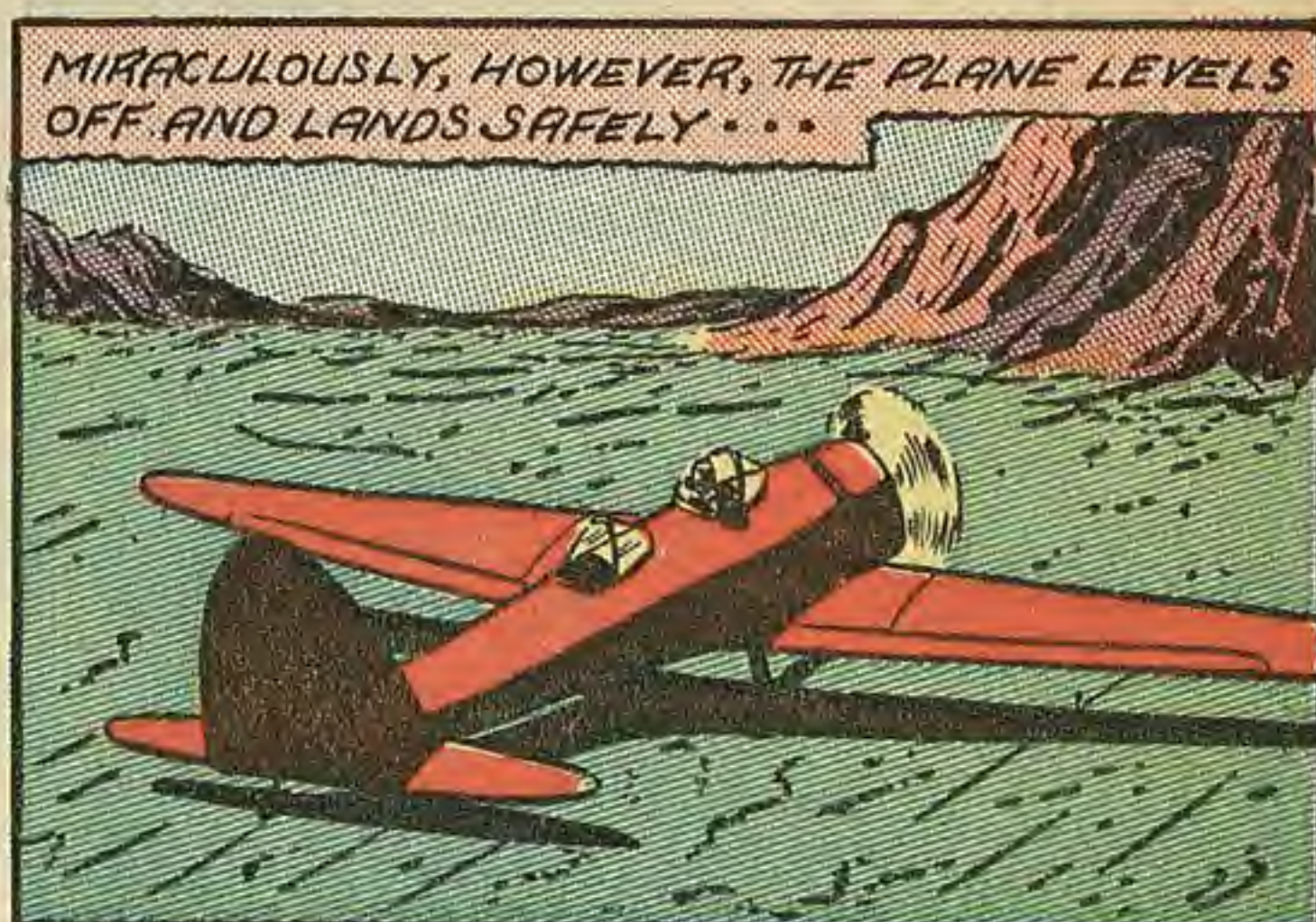
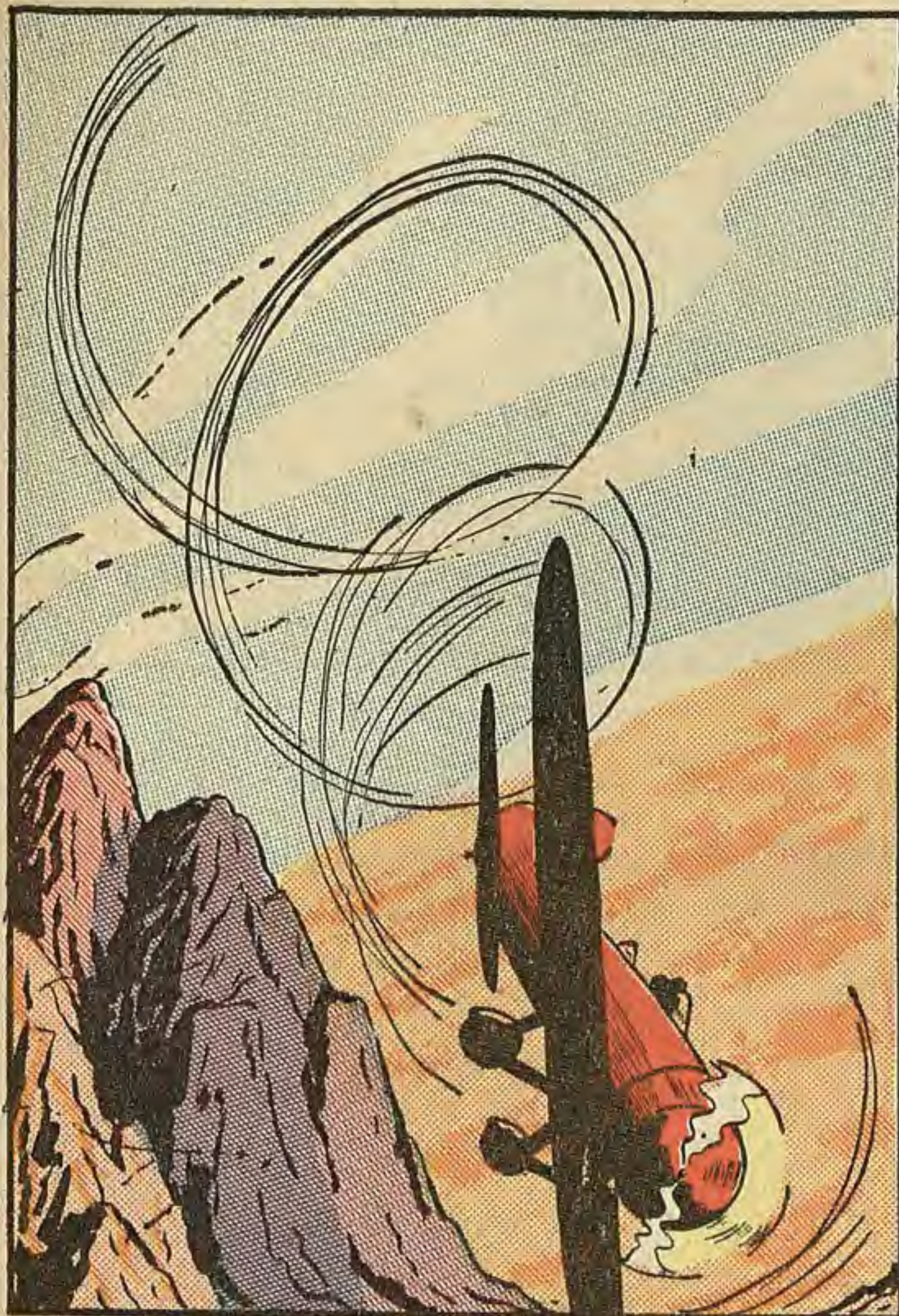
*F*EARED and scorned, he is refused admittance to the town by the snarls and vicious fangs of the inhabitants' watch dogs . . .

This man lives his dreary life . . . alone . . . unwanted . . . in extreme bitterness . . .

SO THERE'S WAR, EH? LET THEM WAR . . . LET THEM KILL EACH OTHER OFF . . . CURSE THEM! LET THEM BOMB EACH OTHER'S CITIES . . .



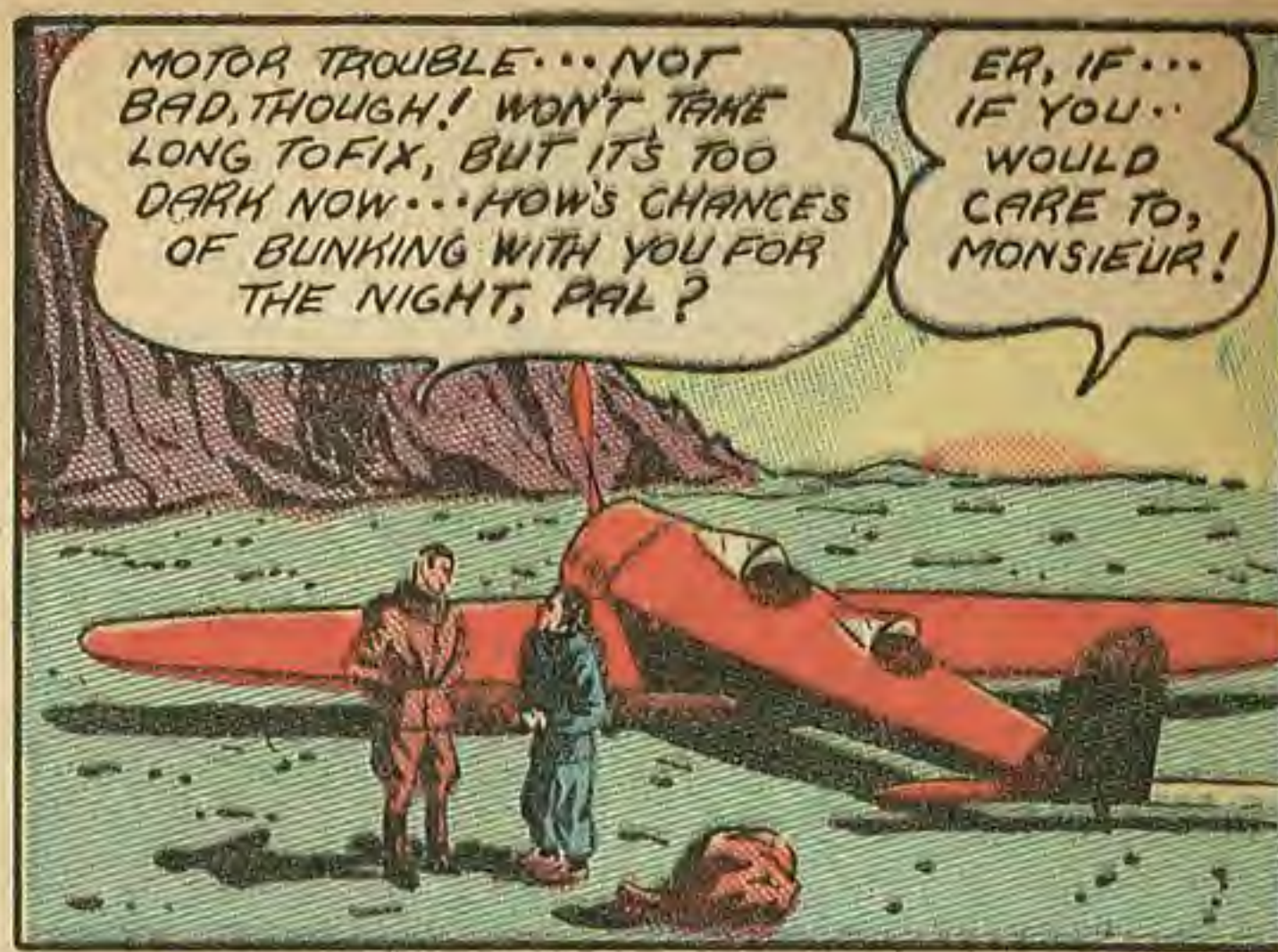








HUGO IS ENOUGH FOR ME... GLAD TO KNOW YOU, PAL!



MOTOR TROUBLE... NOT BAD, THOUGH! WON'T TAKE LONG TO FIX, BUT IT'S TOO DARK NOW... HOW'S CHANCES OF BUNKING WITH YOU FOR THE NIGHT, PAL?

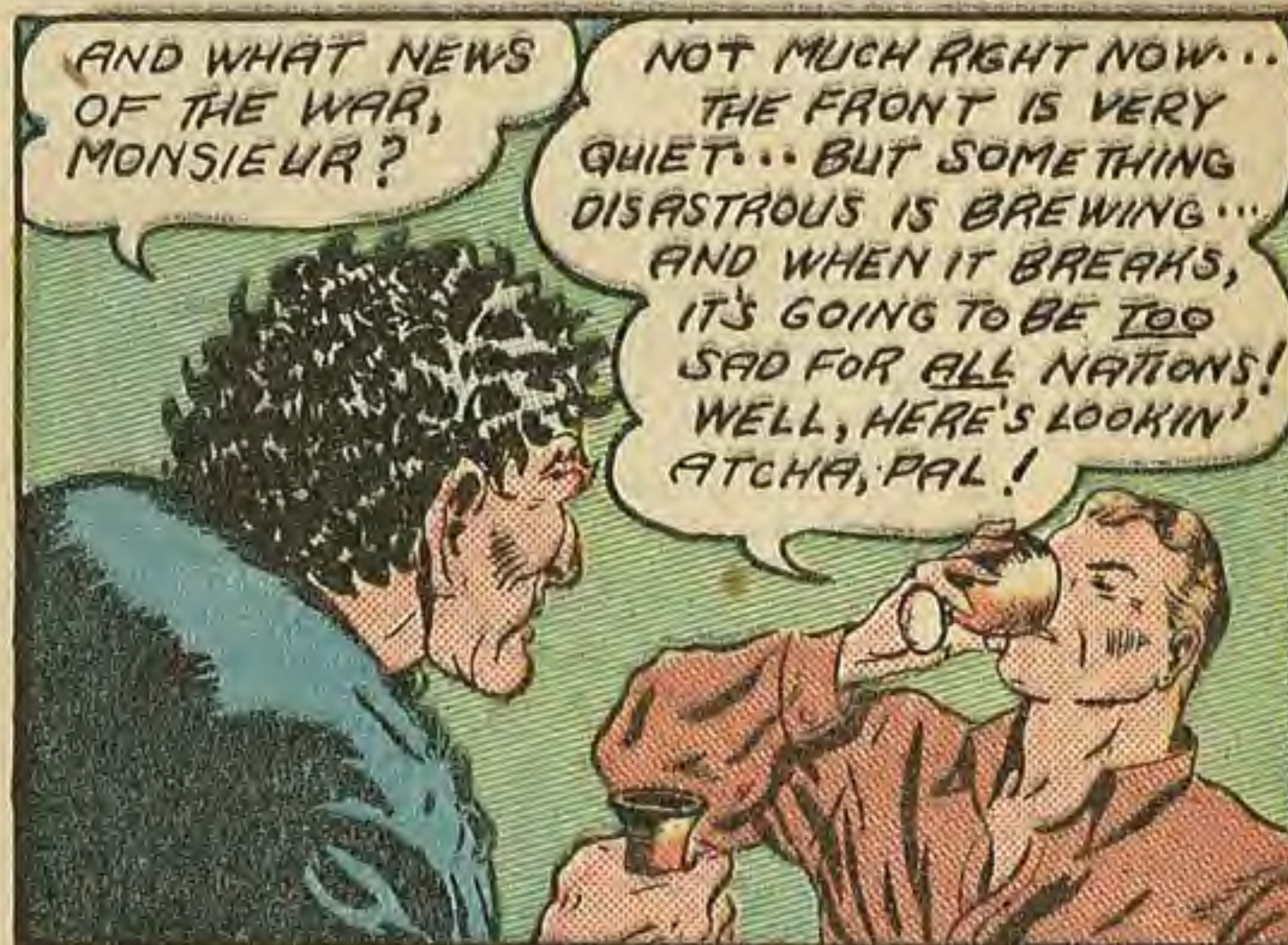
ER, IF... IF YOU... WOULD CARE TO, MONSIEUR!



LATER...

SAY, THAT WAS A SWELL FEED YOU COOKED UP, HUGO... I FORGOT TO THANK YOU FOR IT!

IT IS I WHO SHOULD THANK YOU, MONSIEUR, FOR SUCH PLEASANT COMPANY! MORE WINE, MONSIEUR?



AND WHAT NEWS OF THE WAR, MONSIEUR?

NOT MUCH RIGHT NOW... THE FRONT IS VERY QUIET... BUT SOMETHING DISASTROUS IS BREWING... AND WHEN IT BREAKS, IT'S GOING TO BE TOO SAD FOR ALL NATIONS! WELL, HERE'S LOOKIN' ATCHA, PAL!



A PITY THE WAR COULD NOT BE STOPPED NOW!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE... THEY'VE ALL BECOME TOO DEEPLY EMBROILED!



APPROPOS OF WHAT WE WERE SAYING, MONSIEUR, YOU ARE EXCEEDINGLY PLEASANT AND CONGENIAL, FOR WHICH I AM VERY GRATEFUL...

I DO NOT OFTEN HAVE SUCH AN AGREEABLE COMPANION!



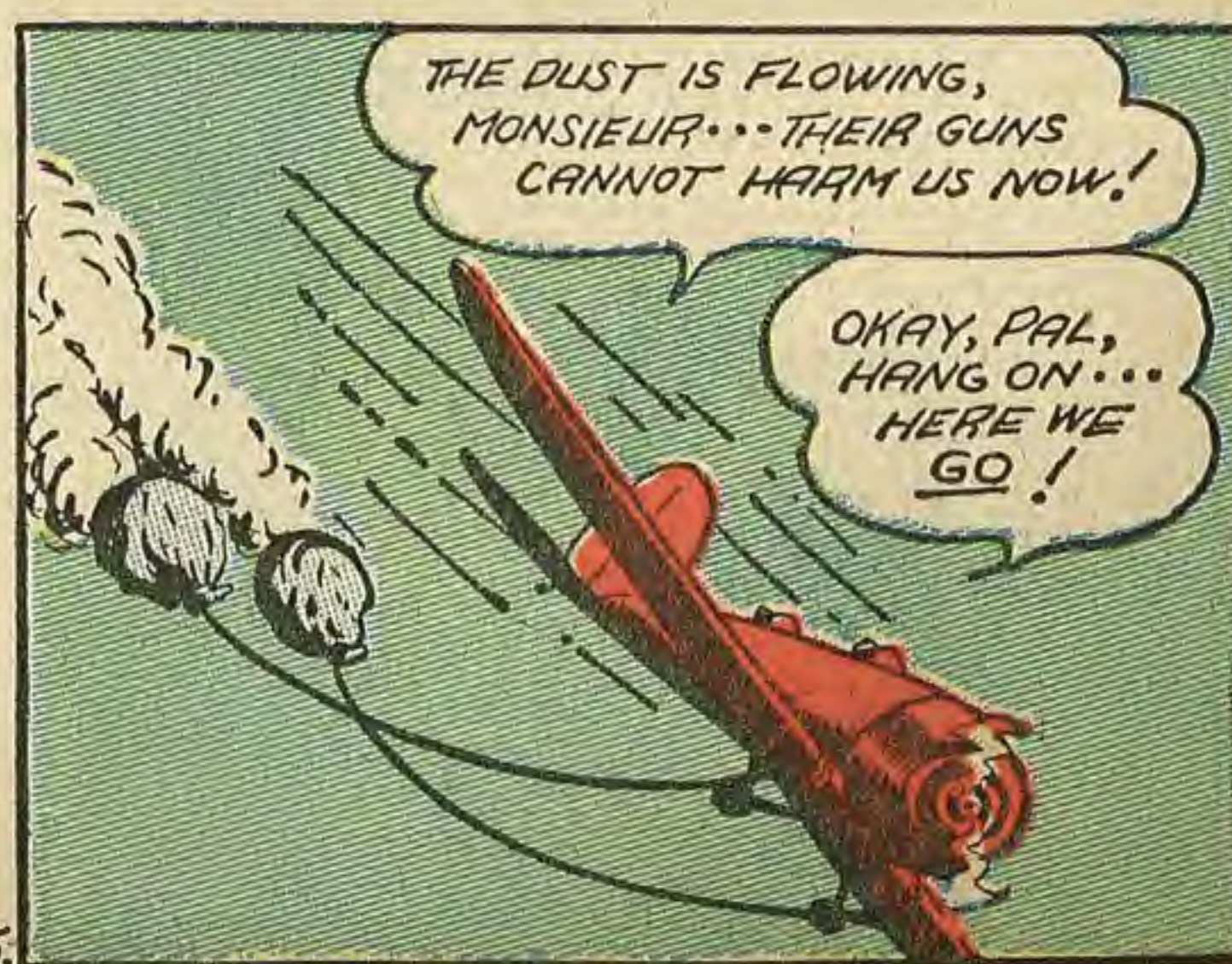
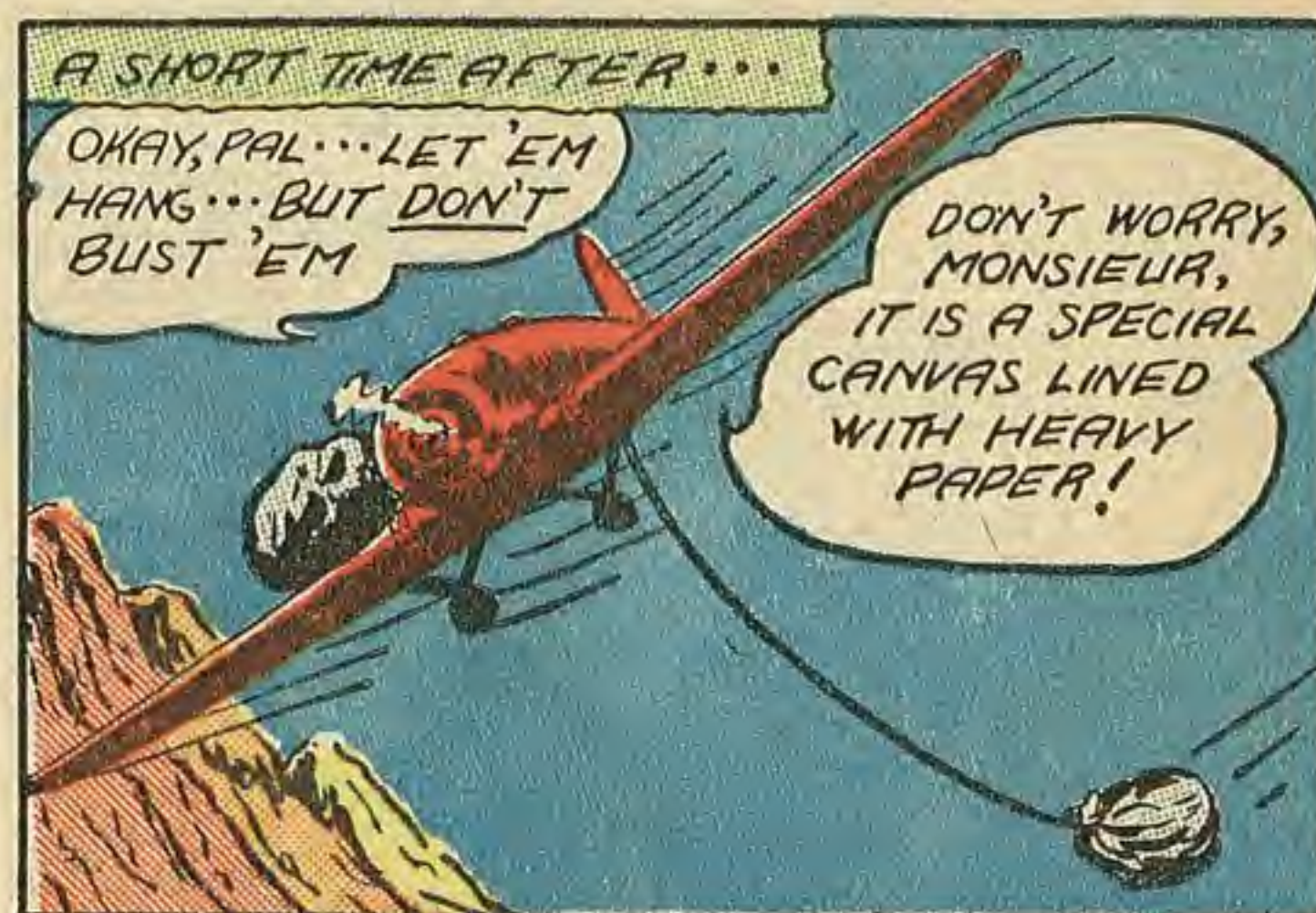
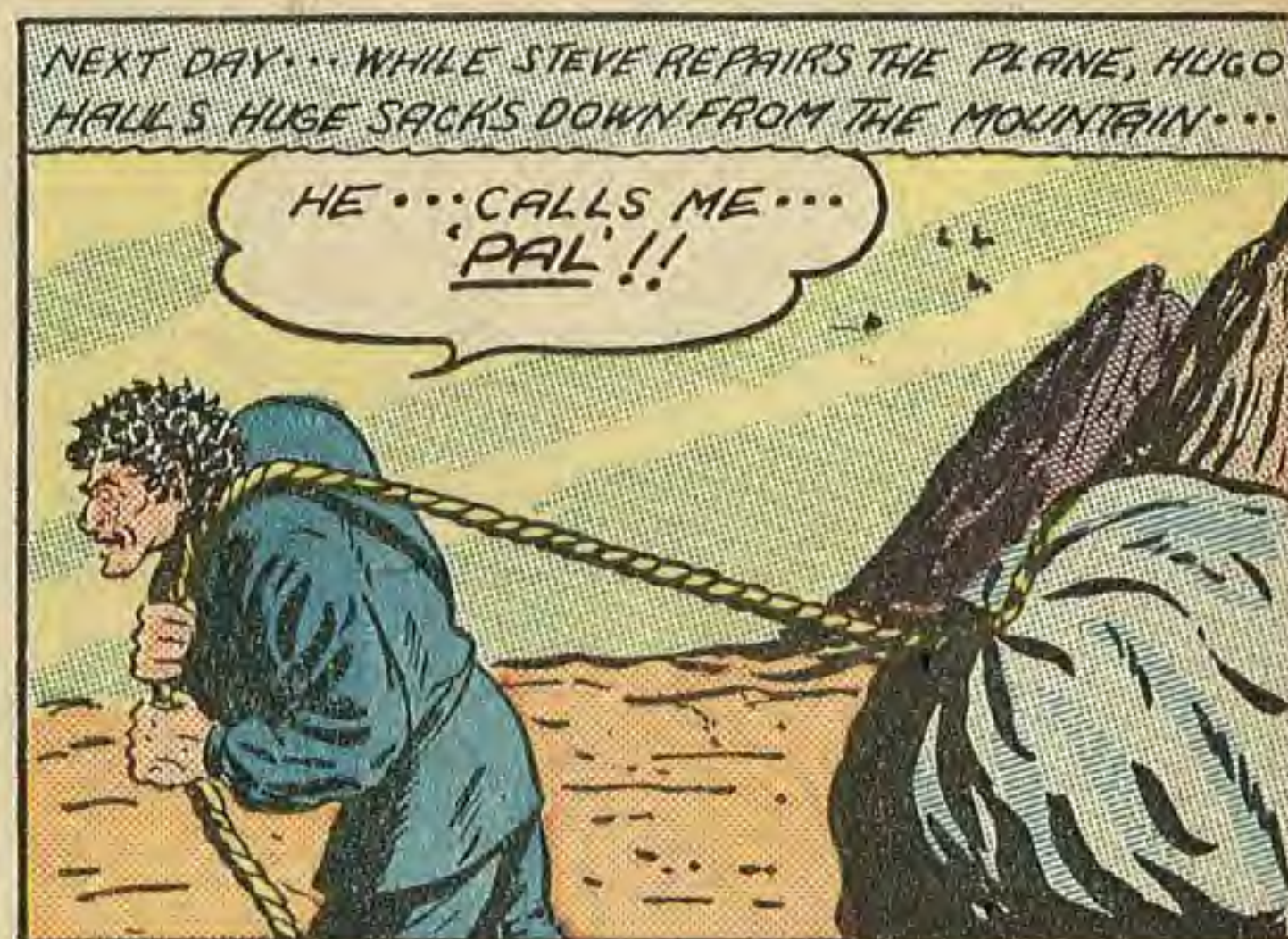
HOW COME, PAL... DON'T YOU GET AROUND MUCH?

GET AROUND MUCH? NO, MONSIEUR, I AM TOO HIDEOUS... NO ONE WOULD HAVE ME AROUND!











WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BLAZING, THE PLANE ZOOMS DOWN AND SWEEPING LOW OVER THE BATTLEFIELD... LEAVES A CLOUD OF FINE DUST GLISTENING IN THE AIR, WHILE SOLDIERS ON BOTH SIDES HUARIEDLY DON GAS MASKS, THINKING IT IS AN ENEMY ATTACK OF POISON GAS...



AS THE DUST SETTLES, NOT A PARTICLE OF METAL OR BARBED WIRE IS VISIBLE...



HA-HA-HA... BOYBOY, PAL... AIN'T THAT SOMETHIN'! HOT DIGGITY!



SPYING HUGE TANKS, STEVE DIVES AGAIN...

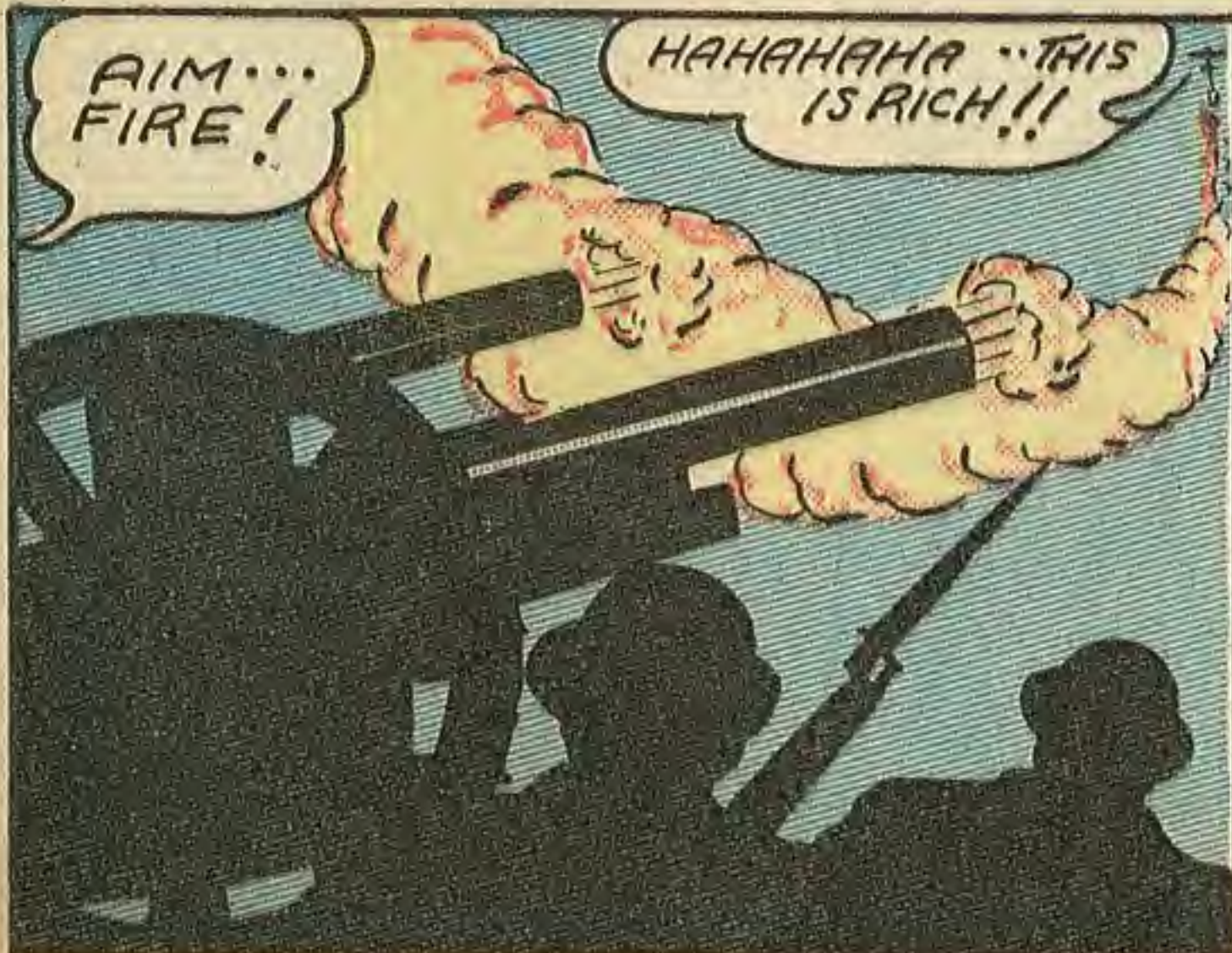


A FEW SECONDS LATER...



AIM... FIRE!

HAHAHAHA... THIS IS RICH!!



MON DIEU! THE CANNON... SHE IS DISAPPEAR!

MAIS NON! SHE WAS HERE BUT A SECOND AGO!





AGAIN AND AGAIN STEVE SWEEPS OVER WHAT HAD BEEN THE MOST HIGHLY FORTIFIED LINES IN THE WORLD... LEAVING THEM AS BARREN AND HARMLESS AS A BASEBALL PARK IN JANUARY...



WHILE EACH SIDE THINKS THE OTHER RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVASTATION...

DIVE FOR COVER, SANDY. THE HUNS ARE COMIN'!

HOOT MON! LET 'EM! I'M READY FOR 'EM! THE THIEVIN' DIVILS RUINED ME GOLD FILLINGS WITH THEIR MYSTERY GAS!



THE SACKS ARE EMPTY... CUT THE ROPES, HUGO... AND WE'LL HEAD FOR HOME!

OUI, MONSIEUR!



WELL, PAL, WE CERTAINLY DID OUR BIT TO KEEP PEACE... IF THEY DON'T SIGN A PEACE PACT NOW, WE'LL GO AT 'EM AGAIN!



YOU ARE NOT STAYING, MONSIEUR?

NOT RIGHT NOW, HUGO, I HAVE JUST ENOUGH GAS LEFT TO GET MY STORY IN BEFORE THE OTHER PUNKS BEAT ME TO IT!



BUT, SAY, HUGO, WHY NOT COME BACK TO THE 'STATES' WITH ME... WHERE A GUY LIKE YOU WOULD BE APPRECIATED?

MAIS, NON, MONSIEUR, I REMAIN TO GUARD THE 'DEVIL'S DUST' AND FRIGHTEN CURIOUS ONES AWAY FROM THE CAVE... BUT EVER WILL I HOPE THAT YOU MIGHT, SOME DAY, COME BACK TO SEE... YOUR PAL !!



A FEW DAYS LATER...

WELL, PAL, LOOKS LIKE YOU WON THE WAR... THEY'RE GOING TO SIGN AN ARMISTICE. NO ONE KNOWS JUST WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THEY'RE ALL SCARED STIFF!

AH, YES, MONSIEUR, IT IS WELL, BUT... YOU WILL BE GOING AWAY... THAT I SHALL REGRET!



THE END.



# FREE—104 BIG PRIZES FOR A NAME!

## NAME THIS NEW COMIC MAGAZINE

Very soon TARGET COMICS will have a companion — another 10c comic magazine, but as yet we haven't decided on a name. If you will help us name this new magazine you may win any one of the 104 prizes, all of which are shown below!

Think up a good name for our new comic magazine and send it to Novelty Press, Inc., 525 West 52nd Street, New York City, using the coupon below or a copy of it. Be sure to give your name and address. First prize will be awarded to the boy suggesting the best name, second prize to the boy suggesting the next best name, and so on until 104 prizes have been awarded. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. No letters will be returned. All names submitted become the property of Novelty Press, Inc. The decision of the judges will be final.

Here's a tip—Get Mother and Dad to help you, they'll be glad to. And here's another tip — limit your name to NOT MORE than four words. The shorter the better.

Mail in your suggested name or names (not over three) as soon as possible. All entries must be post-marked not later than midnight, February 28, 1940.

**Use This Coupon, or Copy It When You Send In Your Names**

NOVELTY PRESS, INC., 525 West 52nd Street, New York City

Here are my names for the new Comic Magazine:

- (1) .....  
 (2) .....  
 (3) .....

PRINT  
YOUR NAME  
AND  
ADDRESS

NAME.....  
 STREET.....  
 TOWN.....



**THE FIRST PRIZE IS A BEAUTY!**

**IT WAS FUN TO WIN IT!**

That First Prize is a honey! A Megow "Quaker Flash" Gas Model Airplane Construction Kit, with Syncro Ace "Special" model Airplane engine.



**-LET ME SEE?**

**2nd PRIZE**

Sister, too, will enjoy this genuine Science Craft Outfit, with three-nose microscope, biological specimens and two instrument manuals.



**OH! BOY! WILL WE HAVE FUN!**

**I WON IT!**

**3rd PRIZE**

All your friends will envy you for this Prize . . . A real Western Union Tele-Recorder Set, with transformer and other necessary equipment.



**ARE YA GOIN' T'BE A REAL G-MAN?**

**5th PRIZE**

A G-Man stainless Fingerprint Set with fingerprint compound, fingerprint developer, impression plate, and other equipment, also a 20-page book. 50 of these prizes will be awarded.



**4th PRIZE**

This genuine Remington outdoor knife with heavy drop-forged blade and leather sheath will be ideal for your Summer camping and scouting trips.



**CAN YA SEE ANY BI-OLGY?**

**6th PRIZE**

Explore your world with this Lan-Dee Pocket Telescope, only 2¾ inches long when closed and 3¾ inches long when open, giving three-power enlargement. 50 of these prizes will be awarded also.



# Look! 25 CASH PRIZES!

## JUST FOR WRITING LETTERS ABOUT COMICS!

THIS IS FUN,  
AND EASY TOO!

### WIN SOME OF THIS EASY MONEY!



### CASH PRIZES For Winning Letters!

1st PRIZE	\$10.00
2nd Prize	5.00
3rd Prize	3.00
4th Prize	3.00
5th Prize	3.00
6th Prize	2.50
7th Prize	2.50
8th Prize	2.50
9th Prize	2.00
10th Prize	2.00
11th Prize	2.00
12th Prize	2.00
13th Prize	2.00
14th Prize	2.00
15th to 25th	

Prizes, \$1.00 each. 11.00

**25 CASH Prizes in all!**

BOY, THIS IS EASY  
MONEY—JUST FOR  
WRITING ABOUT  
WHAT I LIKE BEST!



This is the second issue of **TARGET COMICS**, one of the newest of the Comic Magazines. We aim to keep **TARGET COMICS** the best Comic Magazine in the country, and maybe you can help us.

This month we are running a special Prize Contest, with *twenty-five* cash prizes! You should be able to win one of them.

These **TWENTY-FIVE** Prizes will be awarded to the boys or girls sending in the twenty-five best letters telling why they like **TARGET COMICS**, together with the coupon at the bottom of this page on which they have checked the three features they like best.

**FIRST PRIZE** of \$10.00 in cash will go to the boy or the girl sending in the best letter, second prize of \$5.00 in cash will be awarded to the boy or girl sending the next best letter, and so on, until every one of the twenty-five prizes have been awarded! In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Neatness and originality will count in the judges' decision. No letters will be returned, and all letters will become the property of **TARGET COMICS**. The decision of the judges will be final. Make sure that your name and address are clearly written on the letter and the coupon! Get your letter in the mail box no later than **March 31, 1940**, and send it to **TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.**

### "WHY I LIKE TARGET COMICS"

Here's a check list of the features now running in **TARGET COMICS**. We would like to know the three features you like best. Just place a check mark in the small square alongside of the three features you pick as your favorites. Then write a letter telling "Why I like **TARGET COMICS** . . ." Mail this coupon, and your letter to **TARGET COMICS, 525 West 52nd Street, New York, N. Y.**, not later than **March 31, 1940**, and you may win one of the prizes!

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> BULL'S EYE BILL         | <input type="checkbox"/> CITY EDITOR       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE WHITE STREAK        | <input type="checkbox"/> LITTLE PUPPET MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> LUCKY BYRD              | <input type="checkbox"/> 2 R               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> THE HIGRASS TWINS       | <input type="checkbox"/> RIP RORY          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> T-MEN                   | <input type="checkbox"/> THE SAPP FAMILY   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FANTASTIC FEATURE FILMS |  |
- (Pick out your favorite three only.)

PRINT  
YOUR NAME  
and  
ADDRESS

Name

Age

Street

Town or City

State